

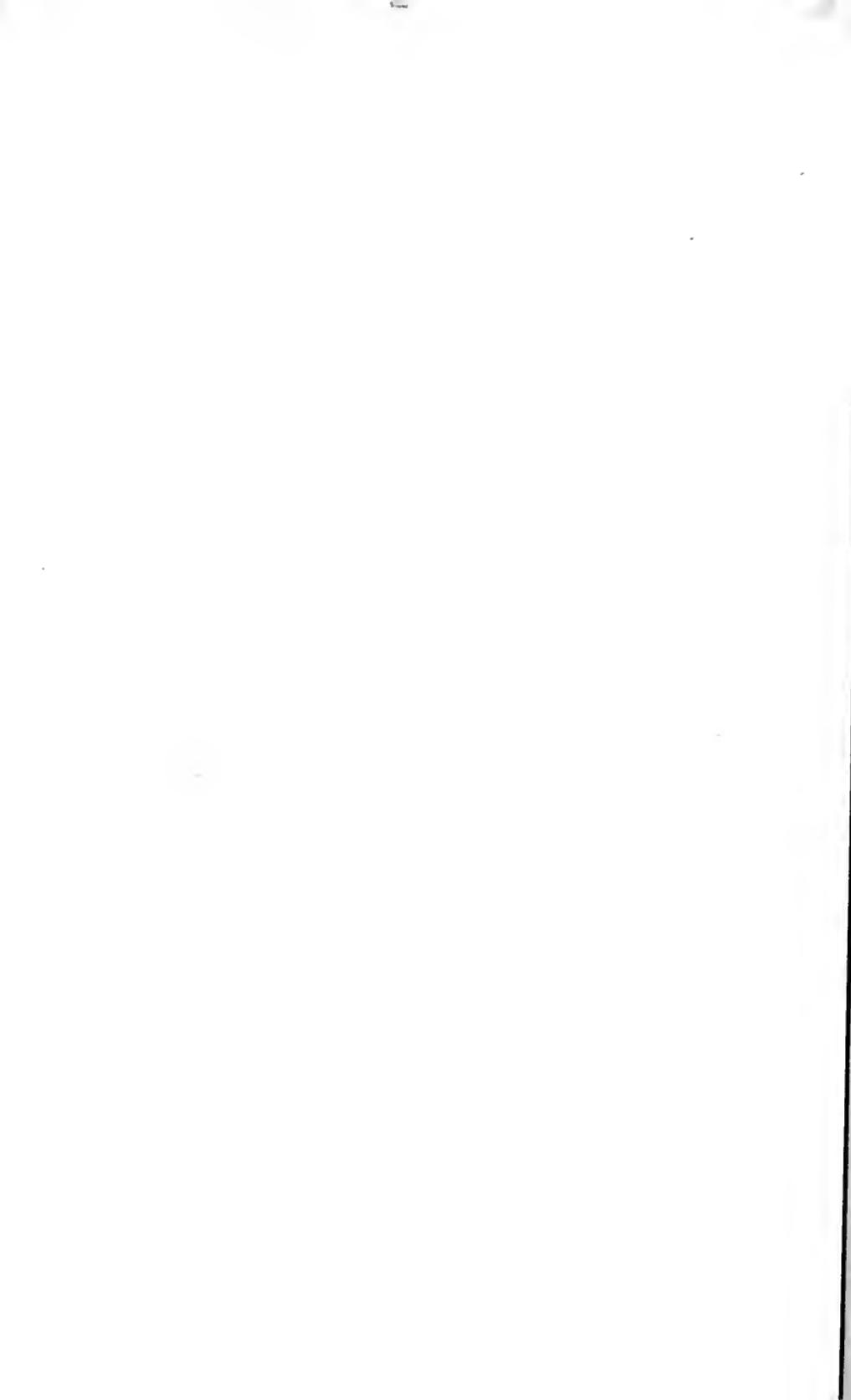


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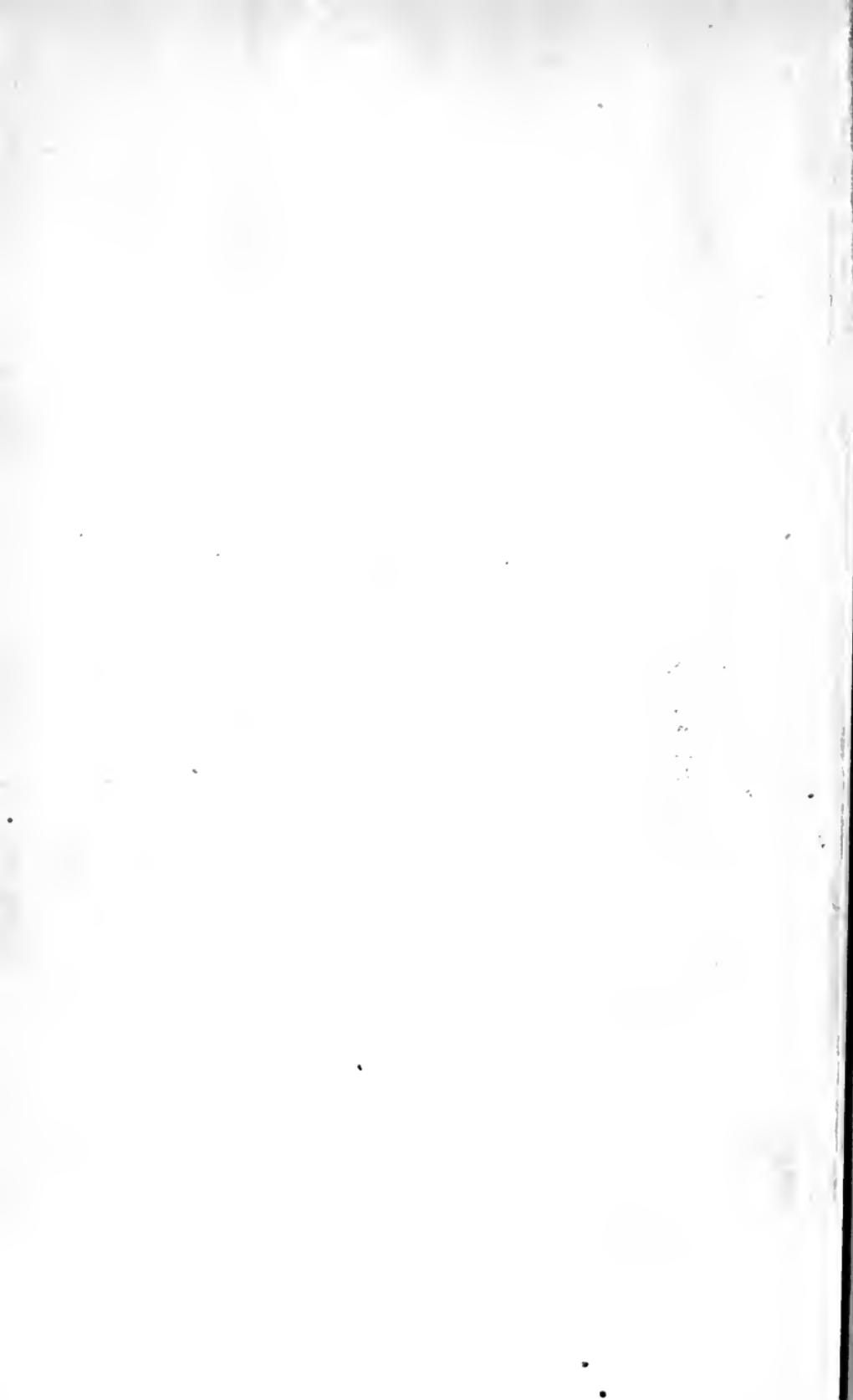
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# POEMS

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.



# POEMS

ON

## MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS:

WITH

A PREFACE AND NOTES.

BY

ROBERT SNOW, Esq.

*Nec satis apparel cur versus facit et . . . .*"—HORACE.

Printed for Private Distribution

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1843.



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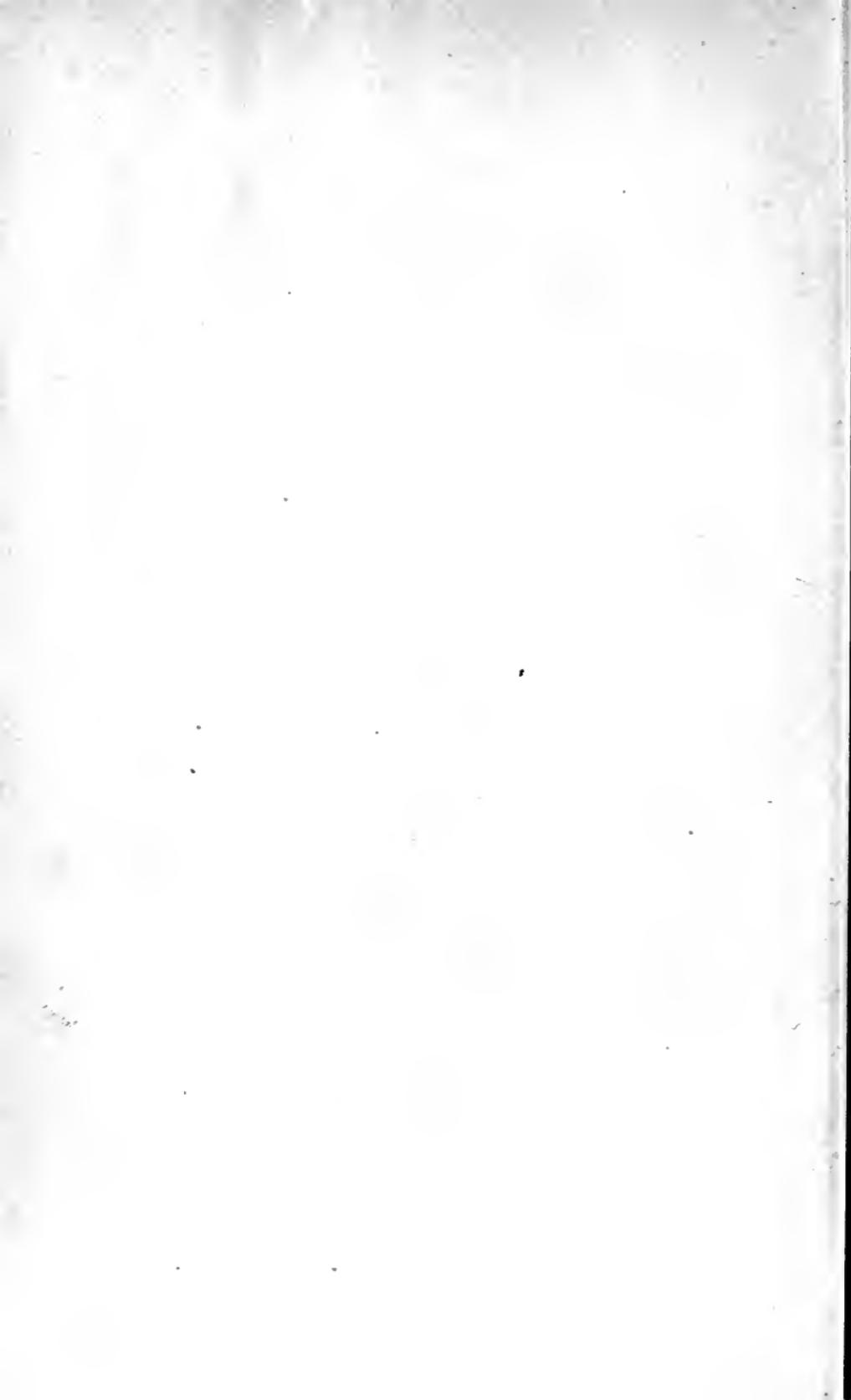
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## ERRATUM.

Page 152, Foot-note, *insert ESTHER, after rest of.*



## PREFACE.

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Idyllic Poetry recommended to Amateurs—Modern Idylls superior to Ancient—Landscape Painting a Modern Branch of Art—“Naturalness”—Dangers besetting Amateurs—Byron—Wordsworth—the Sonnet—Acknowledgments.

THE following Poems consist chiefly of Lyrics and Idylls; the safest walk, perhaps, in which an amateur can expatiate, and the best calculated to suit a volume printed for private distribution. In the sister arts of painting and music, cabinet pictures and ballad melodies form parallel classes of imitative art, by descending, on the one hand, from the elevations of historical and alle-

gorical subjects, and on the other, from the pomp and circumstance of the *scena* of the opera or oratorio, to treat of matters, and to awaken feelings, nearer home, and more in the course of every-day experience. Indeed, the prevailing character of English scenery, and the out-of-door habits of the upper classes of the English, seem peculiarly adapted to inspire a love for this species of poetry. Accordingly, these pages are offered to the friends who may favour them with a perusal, by no means in a spirit of rivalry with existing compositions, but aspiring merely to be handed about in a family circle, like a portfolio of sketches, neither courting nor deprecating criticism, but professing to be amply rewarded with whatever meed of domestic approbation may be allotted to them.

The Idylls of the modern standard writers are entitled to rank above those of the ancients on account of the superior reality and naturalness of their descriptions and imagery. In them the objects of landscape scenery are depicted, and their influences are dwelt upon, with a force and an affectionate warmth of feeling

undiscoverable in ancient writers. Thus, let us compare these well-known lines of Horace,

“ O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit,  
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,  
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ ?  
 O quando faba, Pythagoræ cognata, simulque  
 Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?  
 O noctes cœnæque Deûm, quibus ipse meique  
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces  
 Pasco libatis dapibus !”—*Sat. II. vi. 60.*

with the following of Wordsworth,—

“ So down we sit, though not till each had cast  
 Pleased looks around the delicate repast,—  
 Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,  
 With amber honey from the mountain’s breast ;  
 Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild  
 Of children’s industry, in hillocks piled ;  
 Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
 Upon a lordly dish ; frank hospitality  
 Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,  
 And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.”

*Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart.*

Here the rural delicacies of the ancient poet will seem to be introduced as objects of vulgar liking, whilst the modern poet sits down at the cottage table with a feeling akin to dignified love.

Nor will it perhaps be considered trifling to mention that it can hardly be accounted for, except on the supposition of habitual neglect on the part of the ancients of many of the phenomena of Nature, why, in the very centre of the dominions of the Muses, their poets have made no mention of the phosphorescence of the waters of the Mediterranean, an appearance which Byron \* and Coleridge † have not failed to celebrate; and to the exceeding beauty of which I can myself bear witness, having seen it night after night during a steam voyage from Constantinople to Malta and Marseilles, in the autumn of 1841.

Further, it does not appear that landscape painting, as a distinct branch of art, had any existence in very early times; for the ancients were compelled to have recourse to circumlocution in order to express what the moderns convey in the single word “landscape.” “In Pliny’s account of Grecian artists we find

\* *Corsair*, Canto I.

† *Sibylline Leaves. Lines to WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, and Note.*

no landscape painter mentioned, nor any thing like a landscape described in his catalogue of their principal works. The first and only landscapes he mentions, are those said to be painted in *fresco* by one Ludius in the time of Augustus.\* "And Winckelman gives it as his opinion, that the paintings discovered in Herculaneum (four only excepted) are not older than the times of the emperors, because most of them are landscapes."† He adds,—"Les anciens Grecs ne s'amusaient pas à peindre des objets inanimés, uniquement propres à rejouir agréablement la vue sans occuper l'esprit."‡ Nevertheless, the eleventh compartment of the shield of Achilles, as described by Homer, is a landscape without a human figure. It is quite clear that the discussion of this subject might be carried to a great length ; but, on the whole, it appears that we may safely assert that a love of the picturesque did not enter into the domestic pleasures of the ancients. This may have been owing partly to the influence of climate, and

\* TWINING's *Aristotle*, Dissertation I.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

partly to the operation of the pious awe with which their religion had invested every natural object. The ancient poets, accordingly, took chiefly men and manners for their subjects, and left it to the bards of modern times to find in trees and running brooks, tongues, books, and trains of imagery respondent to the ideas of truth, grandeur, beauty, love, and hope, of which human nature is susceptible.

The word “naturalness” has been made use of above, and it ought to be carefully borne in mind in what that quality really consists. All imitation whatever,—poetry, painting, sculpture, music,—has, or ought to have, the developement of truth for its sole object. And this is good taste: whereas, the practical effect of all bad taste is to falsify, because it would substitute deception for imitation, not perceiving wherein the attainment of the required truth consists. Whence it follows that the external features of nature must undergo selection, modification, and generalisation, by which processes alone can the mind be rescued from the crude interruptions of circumstance: which is as much as to say that,

in order to secure “naturalness,” Nature must be improved upon—an idea which is prettily illustrated in the following passage of Shakspeare,—

“ *Perdita.*                    Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer’s death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o’ the season  
Are our carnations, and streaked gilliflowers,  
Which some call nature’s bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden’s barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Polixenes.*                Wherfore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them ?

*Perdita.*                For I have heard it said,  
There is an art, which in their piedness, vies  
With great creating nature.

*Polixenes.*                Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean: so, o’er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race: this is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it, rather: but  
The art itself is nature.”

*Winter’s Tale*, act iv. scene iii.

Amateur poets seem in the present day to be beset with certain peculiar dangers. One is that of being induced to trick out their muse in the colours of a party. The modern press is teeming with volumes of this description. Again, there is the danger of their devoting themselves to one of the two opposite bands or factions, who (if they have not already compromised matters) would probably adopt, the one, Byron, and the other Wordsworth, as their respective leaders. Let us not couple these names with any question of diversity or of incompatibility of excellence: let it suffice that “one star differeth from another in glory.” If we would search the pages of Byron for pictorial or Idyllic poetry, we shall not do so in vain: and it is remarkable that, perhaps, his best efforts in that kind are to be found in his “Don Juan.” I would particularly instance stanzas cxxii. cxxiii. and cxxiv. of Canto I.; and stanzas xxvii–xxxv. of Canto III. It is impossible to read these latter without calling to mind some of the happiest productions of Etty and Turner. To Wordsworth the laurel has long been allotted

as the first of British Idyllic poets ; and I am quite content simply to advert to the silent influence which his works are exerting over the literature of the country ; drawing (if I may be allowed to borrow one of his own metaphors) millions of the waves of opinion into one mighty undercurrent, alike with power and with calmness.

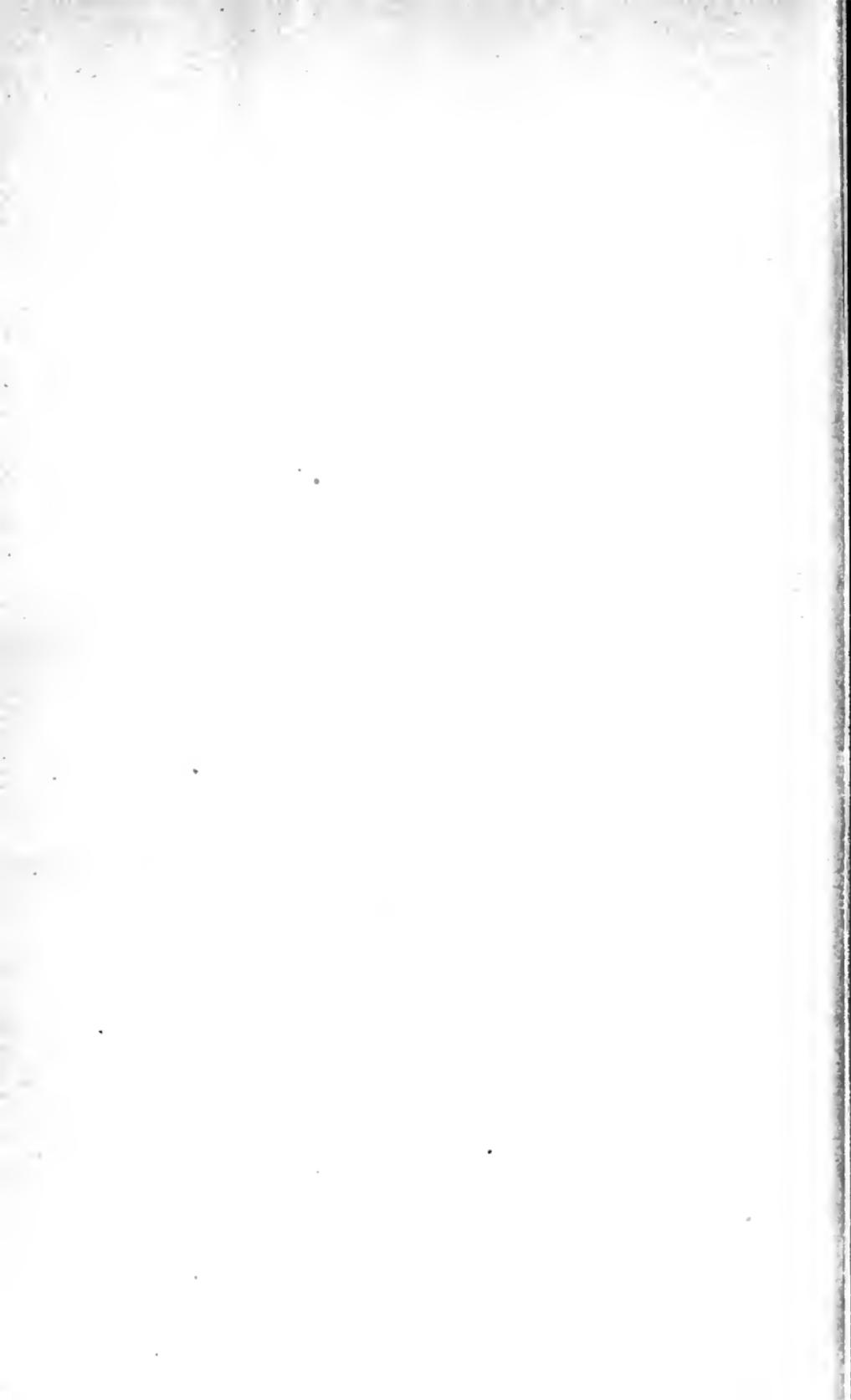
The Sonnet properly belongs to Idyllic poetry, and is to be found in almost every modern volume. Indeed, I once heard the term “fashionable” applied to it. A single sonnet is a distinct whole ; but a series of sonnets carrying the mind of the reader onwards from subject to subject without abruptness, with something of the effect of a poem written in stanzas, is a form of poem which is to any ordinary form what basso-relievo is to sculpture ; for it may exhibit, like the fine spiral of Trajan’s column, a continued and regular succession of scenes and events that could by no other means be brought together and embodied in one whole with poetical propriety. But ordinary writers should not attempt this. In fact, it is not a very easy matter to be successful

even in a single sonnet. Some skill is required of the writer who would produce the effect of an entire poem within the compass of fourteen lines ; as the address of a fine skater is necessary for an agreeable display of his art upon a surface of ice unusually small.\* It is for this sufficient reason that but few sonnets have been attempted in the present volume.

I cannot conclude these somewhat desultory remarks without acknowledging my obligations to the following valuable treatises. Wordsworth's preface to his edition of 1815—the *Essay* supplementary to it—and his preface to the “*Lyrical Ballads*.” To Taylor's preface to his “*Philip van Artevelde*,”—and to the preface to “*Miscellaneous Poetry*,” by the Rev. Herbert Kynaston. London, 1841.

\* For similes regarding the narrow compass of the sonnet, see WORDSWORTH's *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, Part I. Sonnet II., and Part II. Sonnet I.

**PART I.**



## PROEM.

TO

WILLIAM ROGER SNOW AND HERBERT SNOW.

AGED RESPECTIVELY EIGHT YEARS AND NINE MONTHS, AND  
SEVEN YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

JANUARY 1, 1843.

---

To you, my children, I inscribe this book,  
With pen unfaltering: not as one that claims  
The privilege of shining as a point  
Of light amongst the constellated quires  
Fixed in the sky of British poesy;  
But glowing rather like a household lamp  
With ready purpose in a peaceful home:  
Albeit with something of a holy flame,  
By natural objects kindled and sustained,  
By you, hereafter, to be nursed and fed,  
When I no more am with you, yet retain  
A place within your filial memories,  
As teacher and as playmate of your minds. (1)

For we have conned together serious lore,  
And childish fable, mine of sportive truths ;  
And when in wood and field we three have walked,  
How have I loved your blithe companionship !  
For to the state of childhood all things pay  
Glad homage ; and the spirits of dance and song,  
Unbidden, ever seem to hover round you,  
Within doors or without, disporting in  
A region of discovery all your own,  
Embellished by your artless similes.  
And, if I do not err, so fairly shews  
The spring-time of your budding intellect,  
Ye both will learn, and at no distant day,  
That to approach the Muse in suppliant guise  
Becomes its own exceeding great reward,  
A blessed consolation in distress.  
Yet must the pearls of fantasy be strung  
Upon the central thread of holiness ;  
With brotherly love enduring to the end ;  
So shall ye find an adequate support  
Through evil and through good. Beloved twain,  
Accept a Father's offering : take with this  
Whate'er a Father's blessing may bestow.

EPISTLE  
TO  
ANDREW STRAHAN, ESQ.

“Diruit, ædificat, mutat . . .”—HORACE.

PERHAPS, dear uncle, you have heard it said  
That Cambridge would not own a rhyming head ;  
That the square cap which decks the outward skull  
Proclaims a brain of abstract symbols full ;  
That each quaint student thinks by line and curve,  
Forbid from Euclid's theorems to swerve ;  
Dubs poets lunatic beyond all hope,  
And rails upon the very Muse of Pope.  
Yet why upon such idle tales depend ?  
Mathesis deals in lines—and therefore lines I send.

A squire there was (perchance you'll guess his name)  
Honoured, beloved, of wide-extended fame ;  
One who for open hand and heart was known,  
And made his kinsmen's happiness his own.  
But though no lawsuit, nor untoward strife  
Perplexed the gentle tenour of his life ;

Though upon Surrey hills his flocks were fed,  
On his own farm his Dorking poultry bred ;  
Yet when released from business, and from town,  
To purer air his chariot brought him down,  
Still less and less he loved the scenes he knew,  
For less and less he thought his mansion grew.  
Yet to projected change but half resigned,  
Thus in soliloquy relieved his mind.

“Without, 'tis well enough—the prospect fair—  
I cough but seldom ;—marry, wholesome air !  
Soil chalk and gravel—situation high—  
Nor wants it water—when the tank 's not dry.  
Now cast an eye within ; the rooms, 'tis true,  
For me are grand ; but they are very few.  
My friends, I fear, must take it much amiss  
To be invited to a house like this,  
Where rude winds, not content without to roar,  
Through crannied wainscots sing, and pipe through every  
gaping door :\*  
That ceiling too—(he spoke this with a frown)  
A very child might reach it,—'faith, it shall come down.”

\* For lines of this length admitted into heroic metre see WORDSWORTH's Fourth *Evening Voluntary*, and his *Love lies bleeding*.

Instant to town he sent, with ardour fired ;  
The plans were drawn, inspected, and admired.  
To London craftsmen now, a busy race,  
And implements of trade, all things give place.  
Against the unmanageable hill, behold !  
From timber-yard, and kiln, and quarry old,  
Unnumbered wagons, a distressful train,  
By smoking teams are tugged with might and main ;  
And now they halt for breath, now cheerily onward strain.  
And to the rhythm of hammer, saw, and axe,  
The rugged note of preparation breaks  
Through the blank air, and through the quiet woods,  
Startling the venerable solitudes.

The wondrous clamour and unwonted sound  
Frighted the local deities around ;  
The Sylphs, the Elves, the Fairies, and the Fauns :  
From woods, hills, fern-brakes, shaws, and thymy lawns,  
From bowery hollows of the fox-glove bells,  
From feasts of honey-dew in furze-flower dells,  
From chase of silvery motes that dance and gleam  
In the slant streaks of the sun's vaporous beam ; (2)  
From breezes, and from tempests, clouds, and showers,  
Aerial, sylvan, earthly, watery powers,

Quintessences too rare for mortal eye,  
Swift to the spot they skim, they glide, they fly ;  
When straight a comelier spirit than the rest  
Turned to the listening circle, and addressed.  
“ Behold, ye Deities ! ” ( 'twas thus he spake,)  
“ The work these feeble mortals undertake :  
Men that combine and lavish all they can  
To speed their purpose, and complete their plan ;  
Yet blind to truth, when turns of good befall,  
Know not the beings who contrive it all. (3)  
What though one faithless and ill-mannered sprite  
Forsook his charge in idle spleen and spite,  
Who howls, and shall for ages howl in pain,  
Wedged in the knotted oak-tree’s inmost grain ;  
Sprite, who the shoots of last year’s wheat consigned  
To nibbling rabbit tribes, and all the vermin kind ;  
And left the ash plantations to the knife  
Of pilfering churls, those pests of rural life ;  
Yet shall our favoured votary, kind and true,  
Who guards our ancient groves, and plants anew,  
And stays unhallowed footsteps wandering there,  
With quickset barriers trimmed with nicest care,  
Himself the tiller of his own domain,  
Find us his friends, nor shall his wish be vain.

Though o'er his fields our wealth we love to pour,  
Direct the sunbeam, and impel the shower,  
Him at his need we further must befriend,  
Help to the utmost, and his mansion mend."

He spoke, and in the twinkling of an eye,  
To the glad task the ready spirits fly ;  
Red walls of brick begin aloft to tower,  
Raised and cemented by a spell of power ;  
Rafters adapted with no mortal care,  
Like Atlantèan members strung to bear  
The great globe's impress, poise the roof in air ;  
Whereon Carnarvon slate is seen to rise,  
Reflecting all the azure of the skies ;  
Some spirits tend the hearth, and some the flue,  
As yet no sooty particles that knew ;  
Some by volition shape the passive stone,  
" And Kendall's praised for labours not his own." (4)

As on the stage a gorgeous dome is seen,  
Raised by the magic sword of harlequin,  
Whilst from the dress-box to the gallery's height,  
Resound the plaudits of unfeigned delight ;

So once again stood Ashurst Lodge complete,  
Girt with its woods and fields ; a rural seat  
Alike for student pale, or ruddier sportsman meet.  
And settled down once more our gracious host  
Directs the Christmas gambol, or the toast ;  
And prompts the jests that round the table pass  
In circulation with the enlivening glass ;  
And all-triumphant at his favourite game,  
With happier chances, and a surer aim,  
“ Doublets !” he calls, and doublets at the word  
Leap nimbly from his box, and thunder on the board.

Here, too, we see these better times refined  
“ Take every creature in of every kind.” \*  
The very birds attune a livelier note ;  
The house-dog barks and bays with deeper throat ;  
Expanding smiles illumine Worley’s face,  
And Clements curtsies with superior grace.  
No blight the crops, no rot consumes the fold,  
And flints relenting crumble into mould :  
And since the roof is whole, and walls are stronger,  
All say the squire himself will live the longer.

1824.

\* POPE, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iv. 370.

THE BEE ORCHIS.

---

SEE, dearest, see this image bright! (5)  
Why starts my fair one at the sight?  
It mounts not on obtrusive wing,  
Nor threatens thee with angry sting.  
Admire, as close the insect lies,  
Its thin-wrought plume, and honeyed thighs,  
Whilst on this flowret's velvet breast,  
It seems as though 'twere lulled to rest,  
Nor might its fairy wings unfold,  
Enchained in aromatic gold.  
Think not to set the captive free :  
'Tis but the picture of a bee.

Yet wonder not that Nature's power  
Should paint a bee upon a flower ;  
And stoop to means that bear in part  
Resemblance to imperfect art ;

Nature, who could that form inspire  
With strength and swiftness, life and fire ;  
And bid it search each spicy vale  
Where flowers their fragrant souls exhale ;  
And labouring well to store the hive,  
With murmurs make the wild alive.

For when in Parian stone we trace  
Some best-remembered form and face ;  
Or bid on radiant canvass rise  
An imitative Paradise ;  
And feel the warm affections glow  
Pleased with the pencil's mimic show ;  
'Tis but obedience to the plan  
By Nature first proposed to man ;  
Who, lest her choicest sweets in vain  
Should blossom for a thankless train ;  
Lest beauty pass unheeded by  
Like cloud upon the summer sky ;  
Lest memory of the brave and just  
Should sleep with them, consigned to dust ;  
With leading hand th' expedient proves,  
And paints for us the form she loves.

## THE SNOWDROP.

---

IN the green quickset alley found,  
Cautious I peep above the ground.  
A tranquil, soft, and silvery grace  
Illuminates my downcast face ;  
Like that of some secluded maid  
Of manhood's liberal gaze afraid.

Yet though my bashful head hangs low,  
No blush o'erspreads my sickly brow ;  
For I am pale, and weak, and mild,  
Bald grey-beard Winter's latest child ;  
And rightly doth my chilling name  
My parentage and birth proclaim.

But see ! my sire away has flown,  
And Spring adopts me for her own ;  
Gives me her joyous train to lead,  
Where flowers on flowers in turn succeed :  
And Nature's voice begins the song,  
Which grateful hearts through six fair months  
prolong.

TO WILLIAM STRAHAN, ESQ.

---

DEAR WILLIAM, let me give you joy !  
A brother's love will needs be telling  
How, after care and long employ,  
You've raised at length so fair a dwelling,  
With portico and stone-work new,  
And chiselled cornice all bedecked ;  
And to give praise where praise is due,  
We'll compliment the architect.

But vain were skill, and all the arts,  
Which taste and leisure bring together,  
Were there no warm united hearts  
To gladden dark December weather,  
With jest, and song, and healthful boast,  
Inspired by hospitable glee,  
And circulate a Christmas toast,  
To you, and to your new roof-tree.

And once again I give you joy !  
This spot of earth is such a treasure,  
Where rude intruders ne'er annoy,  
And every season has its pleasure ;  
Where one may Nature's playmate grow,  
And all her works in thought caress,  
Till Nature's self inspires the glow  
Of minds brimful of thankfulness.

And 'tis a blessed sight to see  
Your poor dependants round you swarming,  
Each gladdened with a Christmas fee,  
Each bearing part in your house-warming.  
Congratulation swells the soul ;  
Elate with hospitable glee  
We'll drain once more a spicy bowl,  
To you, and to your new roof-tree.

## TO WILLIAM STRAHAN, ESQ.

OR

## THE ADDRESS OF THE SUN-DIAL.

---

WHILST with your Annie and your flowers  
Luxuriously you linger,  
Turn once to view the creeping hours  
Tracked by my shadowy finger.

But, oh ! impute not to each hour (6)  
The blame of over haste,  
If here in idleness you pore  
Till daylight runs to waste.

I own no regulating force  
Of pendulum or springs ;  
The glorious sun's diurnal course  
Inspires my chroniclings.

Though gayer dials may go true,  
And be accounted treasures ;  
Put faith in me, ye happy two,  
Whose days are spent in pleasures ;

Whose love, in its undying prime,  
Is furthest from repining ;  
For I take constant note of time  
Where the sun is ever shining.

1839.

## SONNET.—RECOVERY.

TO MY SISTER-IN-LAW, ANNIE STRAHAN.

DECEMBER, 1839.

---

No longer fettered to a weary bed,  
With anxious pain confused, and throbbing head,  
Lady, the friends who annually meet  
Under thy much-loved roof, together greet  
Thee, risen to joy and health. Sad thoughts, farewell !  
Welcome all thoughts drawn freshening from the Well  
Of Life, now in the time in which the Son  
Of God our frail mortality put on,  
In great humility to seek and save  
Lost human-kind, and triumph o'er the grave.  
What if wild winter close the skies above !  
Shine forth the rather Thankfulness and Love ;  
And visibly descending to our sphere,  
Till years shall be no more, plant peace from year to year.

1839.

## PROLUSIO ASHURSTIANA.

## ARGUMENT.

Domestic Scene—General Encomiums—Evening Occupations—Reading—Music—Study of the Atmosphere—Moon—Stars—Aurora Borealis—Rainbow—Clouds prognosticating Changes of Weather by Day and by Night—Thunder Clouds—Various Landscape Effects—Gale of Wind—Waterspout—Summer Evening—Images connected therewith—Distant Sounds—Sounds nearer home—Conclusion.

On a grey pony of Norwegian race,  
 Propped by his parent's all-sustaining hand,  
 A fair-haired boy sits lightly as a bird :  
 A graceful fawn, whose dark and lovesome eye  
 Serenely glitters in the morning sun,  
 Is gently pacing at the pony's side,  
 His friend and comrade both in stall and field.  
 Startling this elegant creature, who, in turn,  
 Rebuts and bounds in forwardness and fear,  
 Behold four favourite dogs, of beauty rare,

Their friendly tongues let loose, barking for joy,  
As round and round impetuously they wheel,  
Sweeping the quiet dew-drops from the lawn,  
With their long glossy coats, yet in mid chase  
Incline obsequious to their master's eye.

It is a scene to quicken and inspire  
A Landseer's hand, addressed to picture forth  
Some bodily semblance of domestic bliss,  
To captivate mankind, and fix his fame.

Here from the city bring some wearied one  
Athirst for Nature ; here let him drink deep  
Of that celestial rill which flows for all.

The very atmosphere of this sweet place,  
"A happy rural seat of various view," (7)  
Is dedicate to things not made with hands,  
Pregnant with dear result long treasured up  
With kindliness in memory's holy cell.

The ride, the walk, all sports of wood and field,  
The exhilaration of horse, hound, and gun,  
In glad succession, as the seasons wheel,  
Are here partaken ; and when wintry nights  
Shut in betimes with hurricane and cold,  
How sweet, by one made vocal for the rest,  
The serious or the lighter page select

Of artless Goldsmith, in his wisdom gay ;  
Of Crabbe, stern painter of realities ;  
Of Wordsworth, holiest bard of lakes and hills ;  
Of Shakspeare, keeper of the golden keys (8)  
Of Joy and Horror ; or of the wizard Scott,  
In either kind excelling, prose or rhyme :  
And thus the habitations and the names  
Of the creations of those master-minds  
By conversation have familiar grown,  
In corporal presence summoned to the scene.  
Haply some ballad of the olden time  
Succeeds, whose dying fall in fancy's ear  
Survives, and after mingles with our dreams.

Here, too, upon the open hills we read  
The shepherd's book, the firmament and stars ;  
Scanning with fine appliances and means, (9)  
And visionary powers of eye and soul,  
The lunar vales and hills, one after one,  
Smit with the solar beams, their break of day ;  
And parching valleys, and volcanic rocks, (10)  
Unvisited by rain, or cloud, or dew,  
Outshadowed and defined ; or, further yet,  
The planets harping to their listening moons ;

And, further yet, past measurement of thought,  
The nebulous wonder of Orion's brand ; (11)  
And the sweet influence of the Pleiades ;  
And other suns, and some in pairs distinct, (12)  
Twin centres haply for attendant globes,  
Wherein created sense, if any be,  
Sees luminaries twain together set,  
Together rise in complicated morn ;  
Or with the other each alternating,  
And with strange night, fill up their grateful round.  
Or visitation of meteoric bands, (13)  
Like constellations mazed, and maddening on  
Through orbits into intersection crushed —  
Bewildered fragments of a shattered world.  
Or apparitions of the boreal morn, (14)  
Veiling the pole with films of shivering flame ;  
Now into liquid lambency dissolved,  
Now parcelling the concave into streams  
With stateliest columns intertwined, suffused  
As with the roseate blush of dawning day.  
Or rainbow, “ smiling at the faded storm ; ”\*  
Renewed for ever, and put forth for each (15)

\* WORDSWORTH.—*The Excursion.*

Beholder ; not an individual arch  
Built up, single in span, and palpable  
Alike to every eye ; but Science tells,  
Then loveliest and most dignified, when she  
To true religion holds the mirror up,  
How of ten thousand gazers none behold  
The self-same bow ; and how, though empurpled o'er  
With the seven hues, in mystic number joined,  
Some grosser senses cannot take them in, (16)  
And know no touch of those prismatic tones,  
Vacant and blind, with organs unattuned  
To harmonies of light vouchsafed to Man.  
Born in the spirit of primeval laws  
Impressed on atoms when the world was young,  
And man was none to wonder and adore,  
Thou to "the world's grey fathers" gavest a sign, (17)  
And in these latter days in the cloud art set,  
Fair bow ! type of Faith, Hope, and crowning Love,  
Whereof as many well-springs rise and flow,  
As there are hearts of men upright and pure ;  
And may no sad exclusion from decay  
Of the heavenly mind from us shut out the sight  
Of things eternal manifest in thee.

And 'tis a recreation, not a task,  
To mark, prophetic of vicissitude,  
The pearly furrows of the mackerel sky  
Ribbed like the sea-sand ploughed with ceaseless tides : (18)  
Or if th' horizon's verge be emerald-tinged,  
Whilst all the upper sky is flaked and barred,  
By stubbornly conflicting agencies  
Wrought upon variously ; as rustics say,  
Streaked into semblance of the grey mare's tail,  
By witches or by gamesome fairies ridden.

And nightly we interrogate the sky's  
Own telegraphings, conned and read aright,  
When o'er the steadfast moon by sudden fits  
The racking scud drives fast and furiously ;  
Vaunt-courier of the sullen storm that sleeps  
In the dank chambers of the dropping south.  
Or mark the vaporous masses, thunder-crammed,  
Of shapes fantastical, and gorgeous hues,  
Pierced by mysterious light through all their folds :  
'Tis unsubstantial all ; yet peaks arise,  
Grim forests, cities, and the bowery isles  
Of glorious Cloudland, as of earth below,  
Indent with bays, and throned on glistening sea.

Such are our themes : or some divine effect  
Robing all Ranmore's height in golden fire  
By magic intervals of sun and shower :  
Haply o'ercanopied with liquid blue,  
What time the year its russet garb puts on  
At the first warnings of autumnal frost,  
We note the lazy horizontal mist  
Spread like a frozen lake o'er Mickleham's vale :  
Or at the morning meal discuss the gale,  
That last night, like an iron-embattled host,  
And multitudinous in wrath and power,  
Rushed from the west ; far off its coming rang ;  
Then in the three tall ash-trees piped amain,  
And bellowed forth rude notes unheard before.  
And once, a rare occasion, we beheld  
The hills grow dusky, whilst Heaven's blackening vault,  
Pillared upon the spiral waterspout,  
Shook to the anthems of the thunderclap,  
And every hill was telling of the sound.

But when the evening air is all becalmed,  
And blue smoke wreathed o'er Bramble-haugh reveals  
The charcoal-burner's peaceful bivouac ;  
And the young Moon is shedding down her light

On the black fir-trees fringing Coxhead hill ;  
A delicate ear at intervals may catch  
A pent-up rushing noise from Betchworth mill,  
Or clang of rolling wheels, or horseman's tramp,  
Or the low thunder of the railway train,  
Or merry notes of rural minstrelsy  
Commingled, and disjointed, borne from far  
On tremulous wings of fluctuating airs,  
With mystic influence, hard to be described,  
Delusive hauntings of the listening ear.  
More near, the curlew's wildly pleasing cry,  
The partridge calling to her scattered brood,  
The leveret rustling through the Pit-field corn,  
The wing of homeward rook creaking aloft, (19)  
The wagoner's cheer, and clanking of his team,  
And cowboy's whistle, each and all proclaim  
The element unruffled and at peace,  
Yet with responsive pulses thrilled throughout,  
That stamp a smooth distinctness on the whole.

Lady, and thou my brother, ye whose hearts  
Have feeling, thankfulness, perceptions deep  
Proportionate to that which ye enjoy,  
Well are ye matched ; domesticated here,

And linked harmoniously in golden chains,  
That make sweet music as ye walk along  
Your path in life, without discordant fears,  
Long may this cherished spot be blessed, and long  
May all the grove and all the day be yours.

1840-1842.

THE FAWN.

---

THE favourite fawn is gliding to and fro  
With all the grace of Rylstone's famous doe, (20)  
Down the green lane, and through the half-wild glade  
By overarching birch and hazel made,  
Whose boughs subdue, but shut not out, the ray  
That chequers with soft light her sides of bay.  
Her every motion regular and free  
As liquid lapse of summer waves can be ;  
Yet slow and stately, as a cloud goes by  
When only one is in the summer sky ;  
And now she stands foreshortened, and at rest,  
A perfect model for some sculptured knightly crest.

But if her mistress should appear,  
And in her hand an offering bear  
Of apple, carrot, bread, or cake,  
What sudden change that sight will make !

Upright she jumps on all four feet,  
And hastens with bleating cry to greet  
The hand that feeds her and caresses,  
And with fantastic garlands dresses :  
With eager neck, and nostril wide,  
She begs and snuffs from side to side :  
Where is the staid demeanour now—  
The pace so stately and so slow ?  
Sweet fawn, but thou art lovely still ;  
Come without fear, and eat thy fill ;  
I care not, though thy wayward manners prove  
Romance too often ends in cupboard love.

1840.

SONNET.

BETCHWORTH AVENUE—I.

---

BETCHWORTH, thy stately avenue is fraught  
With imagery of some saintly pile,  
Whose long-drawn perspective of nave and aisle  
From architecture such as thine was caught.  
O'erhead the roof is branched, as though by rule ;  
Here voices sink to whispers of amaze,  
And footsteps fall with reverence ; the deep cool  
Startles the senses in these sultry days ;  
And lo, one sunbeam ! which the half-shut eye  
Untwines to hairs and threads of fibrous light  
Of nameless colours, than which none more bright  
Through painted oriels stream ; around, on high,  
This hum of bees— how like the organ's tone  
Reverberate from cathedral stems of stone !

## SONNET.

## BETCHWORTH AVENUE—II.

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How the wild winter's desecrating powers  
Have marred thy saintly features ! sight nor sound  
Of summer months remains, above, around,  
To tempt the Muse to linger here for hours.  
By many an eddying whirl-blast downward shook,  
Dead leaves, and twigs, and plumes of native rook,  
In homeward musterings dropped at close of day,  
By wandering hoofs are crushed, and trod in clay.  
Brown horror o'er the whole will soon be flung ;  
And the mysterious owl on pinions grey  
Down the long vista sails, a wingèd face ;  
And now, reposing in her wonted place,  
Shouts from the tod of matted ivy spray,  
Above yon bank with darkling laurels hung.

THE WALK AT ASHURST.

---

“THE sun’s rim tops the western hill,  
And tedded is the hay ;—  
Tell me, my lads, which way you walked  
This glorious summer’s day.”

“Down through the Pit-field first we sped  
With whoop and merry call ;  
And through the narrow hunting-gate  
Beneath the wych-elm tall.

And turning by the nut-grown lane,  
We skirted Coxhead hill,  
Where yet beneath the quickset hedge  
The dew lay bright and chill.

But in the sun the grass was dry,  
And every blade was rife  
With low shrill hum, and buzzings strange,  
The stir of insect life.

And with the grass all wild flowers grew,  
Of thousand scents and dyes ;  
And round and round in myriads flew  
Blue chalk-hill butterflies.

We climbed the path-way on the hill  
With odorous junipers beset ;  
There frisked the squirrel, there crept away  
The silent leveret.

Then overhead the spruce-firs met,  
And made a sudden calm ;  
And on the left a rural song  
Flew upwards from the farm.

We heard the stock-dove moan, unheard  
No woodland thing might stir ;  
Our path was grown with moss, and strown  
With sheddings of the fir.

Then in the beech-wood's doubtful shade  
We threaded one by one,  
By a half-subdued and mellow light,  
The maze of sheeny stems, upright  
As Gothic pillars carved in stone.

Where tangled in green foliage flakes,  
The sun-beams struggling through  
Just faintly flecked the dry dead leaves,  
Blank wintry residue

Of juiceless things, that ankle-deep  
Bestrewed the blackening ground,  
At every step raised in an heap  
With crisp and withered sound.

Then by the little lonesome lodge  
We left the beechen wood,  
And gazing over Mickleham's vale  
Awhile enraptured stood;

Till William first the silence broke ;  
' Who's for a steeple-chase ? ' he cried ;  
Nor waited for compliance cold,  
But down the slope like hunter bold,  
Or lapwing fleet of foot he hied.

With right good will adown the slope  
We followed at full speed ;  
And leaped the low and rugged fence  
That parts that lovely mead.

To Mickleham churchyard then we came :

There stood, just past the stile,

The rector at his garden-gate

With bland and rosy smile :

Soothly our steps he would have staid ;

And, like a patriarch, he bade

Us rest beneath his roof awhile.

With courteous gest and speech we past,

And through the churchyard ground,

With sun and shade alternate cast

O'er many a grassy mound

About the modest house of prayer,

Whose spire both low and small

O'ertops not much the ivy bower

Upon the Saxon wall.

We crossed the highway, took the lane

That from the village leads

To where the heights of Norbury Park

Look down on richer meads ;

And alders, by the river Mole,  
And poplars straight and slim are seen,  
And weeping ash, and every soft  
Variety of green.

Quaint river Mole ! that loth to flow  
By ordinary rules,  
Infirm of purpose, breaks and parts  
In cold disjointed pools,

United still through filtering sands,  
Unseen by human eye,  
Like gems securely linked to gems,  
Though by some hidden tie.

Awhile we rested here, but soon  
The highway found again  
By the foot-bridge, and stiles, and gaps,  
And long Westhumble lane.

Again we paused ; the sun rode high ;  
Hard seemed it to decide  
At once to scale the far-famed slope  
Of Box-hill's chalky side.

One spoke at length, 'Take heart of grace,'—  
So said, so done: —right soon we passed  
The half-way yew-trees leaning from  
The rude south-western blast;

Breasted the steep with virgin turf  
Clad since the hill was young;  
And now the topmost ridge appeared;  
We raised a shout—the ridge was cleared—  
Upright on level ground we sprung.

With hats in hand we paused for breath;  
Whilst o'er our cheeks and hair,  
With visitation fresh and sweet,  
For mountaineering roammers meet,  
Ran liquid lapse of healthy air.

There woods, and hedgerows, parks, and fields,  
Lay smiling at our feet;  
And we thought of the song you sang us aloud  
Of Nymphs, and Oreads fleet, (21)  
As the shadow of many an island cloud  
Flew o'er the waving wheat.

We likened oldest things to new,  
And each with each did vie  
In scope, and penetrating power,  
And fantasy of eye.

Who Shoreham gap ? Who Shankenbury ring ?  
Who yonder refuse burning ?  
Who Deep-dene stable clock ? or who  
Sees Ewhurst windmill turning ?

We saw the wild-hawk wheel and wheel  
Pursued by felon crows,  
Freebooter of the feathered race  
Begirt by feathered foes.

Far down, there rushed a gateway through,  
With hurry and affright,  
A crowded flock of gallant sheep,  
A thousand fleeces bright ;  
And we likened them to a troubled stream,  
A mill-race foaming white ;

Then slowly pacing on the road  
They raised a dusty cloud

O'er sheep and shepherd hanging low—  
A sun-illumined shroud.

We turned our eyes towards Dorking spire  
Reared high above the town ;  
From forth the steeple went a chime  
Upon the south wind blown ;  
We heard—but nothing recked of time,  
So gaily had he flown.

There rose the Danish camp ; beyond,  
Old Evelyn's sylvan bower ;  
And, further yet, the heathery heights  
By Leith-hill's lonely tower.

And from the chalky pinnacle  
Whereon we took our stand,  
Save where a purple summer shower  
Walked graceful o'er the land,

And where the limekiln's milk-white reek  
Did creepingly appear,  
The sky was like a sapphire sea,  
Glassing its own profundity,  
The very sky-line sharp and clear.

Then, homeward turned, we took our way  
Through young-cut oak, and stunted box,  
And caught a momentary glimpse  
Of roaming wild cub-fox ;

By Birchen-grove, and terraced wild  
Of stony-hearted Bramble-haugh,  
And Middle-hill with thorn-brakes set,  
And fern-grown Bullen-shaw.

The pewit cried, the partridge called  
Her half-fledged scattered brood ;  
The curlew on the reverberant hill  
Halloed out her summons shrill ;  
Loud crew the pheasant in the wood :

But nearing now the orchard homestead  
Never a word we spoke,  
Foredone with sport ; but soon as we  
Above the mossy apple-tree  
Beheld the chimney smoke,  
A gentle sigh of silent glee  
From every bosom broke."

“ Thanks for your tale ; and now, good night !  
Enough for all of work and play :  
Alike the evil and the joy  
Suffice unto the day.

But I must keep the word I gave—  
To morrow afternoon,  
If not a breeze disturb the trees,  
We 'll fly the fire-balloon.”

ON THE PORTRAIT  
(BY OWEN)  
OF  
THE LATE ANDREW STRAHAN, ESQ.  
AT ASHURST.

---

So deftly has the painter done his part,  
They who know not the likeness praise his art ;  
But on that portrait when I cast my eyes—  
Upon that brow erect, white head, and portly size—  
Those calm hands, clasped, as they were wont to be  
At home, in circling talk, composed and free—  
That eye's expression rigidly sincere,  
Interpreted amiss if called severe—  
At faithful memory's summons reappears  
Each scene, each circumstance, of by-gone years  
With that dear relative in childhood spent.  
Here let me dwell on every lineament ;  
Whilst fancy steeped in softest reverie  
Dreams for a space that pictured form is he. (22)

Uncle ! I knew thee ere I mixed with men ;  
Nor felt the value of thy friendship then.  
But I was early schooled to win thy praise  
By frank obedience, and by cheerful ways ;  
For thou didst love bright faces and fair looks  
Better than poets' or than sages' books.  
I loved thee,—but a something in thine eye  
Awed overmuch a petted boy and shy ;  
Yet I have learnt to feel with sorrow keen,  
A pair of friends even then we might have been.

But how describe our glee, when from the town  
Hither on annual visit we came down,  
Three lads foreseeing nought to come but joy, (23)  
As if 'twere given to be for ever boy,  
Of sweetest idleness to take our fill ;  
To range from morn till night each vale and hill ;  
To gambol in the swathes of new-mown hay,  
Or like young fawns in fern and heather play.  
But thou, the while, with measured steps and slow,  
Down the slant road to view the farm would'st go,  
And duly rest on wonted benches placed  
In chosen spots, with bowery foliage graced.

But slow decay came with each rolling year :  
Those airings in the easy low-wheeled chair—  
That garden seat we all had known and loved  
Nearer the porch-way week by week removed—  
Those walks grass-grown — those wild weeds towering  
high—  
Betrayed thy tottering limbs, and dimly-waxing eye.

Then came disease, and tidings of alarm :  
That fatal year none saw thee at the farm,  
Nor in the walnut walk, nor in the dell,  
Nor on the terraced slope thou lov'dst so well :  
Soon in their mourning garb an household dressed,  
And friends with streaming eyes, proclaimed the rest.  
Thy true departed worth asked all our tears,  
Sincerely shed, though shed o'er fourscore years.

“ I heard the bell toll on thy burial day ; (24)  
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,”  
Mingling its sables with the wintry shade,  
By the two darkly feathering fir-trees made ;  
And the long blackening mournful train that past,  
Silent with snow-clogged wheels across the waste,

To the small church-yard, where the graven stone  
Stands to record the day that rite was done.

O may I die like thee, and ripely come  
To the soft quiet of a rural tomb ;  
For the lark poising carols high in air,  
And the green ivy shoots, and roses blossom there.

And still thy cordial aspect seems to breathe  
Peace to this house, and all its roof beneath.  
Though lies the insuperable gulf between  
The parted spirit and this mortal scene,  
Yet, when one spot below reflects the ray  
Caught from the realms of peace and everlasting day,  
Even souls in bliss may from their thrones above  
Benignly lean to applaud that home of earthly love.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

---

EARLY sinking towards its place of refuge see the solar Car,  
Like a vessel shoreward guided by some timid mariner ;  
Now the eaves, that dripped in sun-thaw, at the chill  
    approach of night  
Are hung with many a bead, and jagged with many an  
    icy stalactite.  
Now a star, and now another ; now a constellated braid  
Peeps out, and now the firmament with golden patines  
    is inlaid,  
From Aldebaran peering o'er the horizon with his golden  
    eye,  
To the Bear and Cassiopæia in the circumpolar sky.  
'Tis time to quit the frosty fields, and garden desolate with  
    snow,  
For the shelter of our roof-tree, and the cheerful fireside  
    glow :

For the hearth domestic, centre of all blithesome recreation,

And at solemn epochs consecrate to loftier meditation.

Yes! we have watched the sun declining in solstitial feebleness;

And an energetic pleading to all hearts I would address.

To graver spirits moulded to perception of the lapse of years,

And to you, my children, clasped unto me with a gush of tears,

Though a strain of music from the future rings within mine ears,

Twain beloved! who in your sportiveness may lightly reck to hear

That the day which now is ended is the SHORTEST of the year.

WINTER now has ebbed its lowest; furthest from all golden prime;

Nature motionless lies stranded on the banks and shoals of Time.

And the forked and broken branches tossing to the raving sky,

Are distressful signals with a lamentation waved on high.

But be thou present, Hope celestial, clad in raiment of  
the bow  
That from the region of the rain-cloud smiles upon the  
earth below :  
Thou that tarriest for the dayspring without fever or  
amaze,  
Like the Sphinx Egyptian calm in indefatigable gaze ;  
Though up the ecliptic now the sun with slow and painful  
marches steals,  
Thou shalt mark the acceleration of his burning chariot  
wheels—  
Thou shalt sit beneath thy vine-tree when the purple  
harvest reels.  
Even now the afflux of the seasons vibrates with a fuller  
motion,  
And a distant gathering murmur stirs that all-absorbing  
ocean.  
Sense refined for things eternal hears the low yet awful  
sound  
Of the voice that chides the pausing of the emblematic  
round.  
Days on days, as waves on waves, shall follow, till elate  
we see  
Nature on the tide of summer floating in her bravery.

But the summer's lightest breeze with chartered wantonness  
is fraught :

Whilst with Winter harmonises staid collectedness of  
thought.

And though in truth, my dearest children, one may run  
yet read aright

The symbol of your fortunes in the brief and melancholy  
light

That this **SHORTEST DAY** forecloses ; yet I would ye lacked  
the praise,

The wealth, the power, the fame, the credit, that may come  
in after days,

Rather than the independance, and the riches of a soul

Vested with the garb of honour won by genuine self-  
controul.

1842.

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING AT EWELL  
IN SURREY.

---

MEET object of the classic vow,  
Fair spring, with glad surprise  
I first beheld thee ; would that thou  
Didst in my garden rise.  
Let song persuade thee, fairy rill,  
To wander to my favourite bower ;  
I ask thee but to frame the will ;  
Thou surely hast the power ;  
As Alpheus erst from Elis stole  
'Neath many a league of land and sea,  
To interfuse with Arethuse  
His amorous flood in Sicily.

'Twere worth the trial : I would make  
A basin fair and wide,  
That every shape and hue should take  
Of emblematic pride ;

With branching corals, mimic pearl,  
And marbles purple, blue, and green ;  
Lilies should rear, and mosses curl  
Their tender forms between ;  
An amber grot of Indian shells  
Should canopy thy fountain-head ;  
And precious sands from orient lands  
Receive thee in a golden bed.

Nor ever drought should stint thy flow ;  
Nor crisping frost enchain ;  
At noon wild bees would come and go,  
Thronging thy marge amain ;  
At break of day from thee a mist  
In rosy wreaths would heavenwards steam ;  
At eve thy surface would be kissed  
By lovesome Hesper's beam ;  
And it should be thine, lest nature pine  
For lack of music in dark hours,  
To sing in thine own low pleasant tone  
All night unto my sleeping flowers. (25)

Yet what is this but idle talk ?—

From out thy gravelly nook

Run o'er that lip of rough-hewn chalk,  
And form a wayside brook.  
There let the homeward labourer  
Pause in the hollow of his hands  
To scoop thy fresh and limpid cheer ;  
Let wildly playful bands  
Of village children haunt thy brim ;  
And let the gipsy maiden there  
Her dark brow lave in thy crystal wave,  
And braid anew her tangled hair.

Farewell, sweet fount ! when chance or change  
Shall lead these wandering feet  
Again about this spot to range,  
Thee first my steps shall greet.  
In all thine imagery I see  
The placid, the profound, the pure ;  
Nay, peaceful memory of thee  
Is haggard passion's lure.  
Thou diamond of a desert world !  
On thee I scarce can choose but pore  
Till shades of night foreclose the sight :—  
Farewell ! dear water-spring, once more.

## SKETCH OF A WINTER SCENE.

ASHURST, FEBRUARY 26, 1843.

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THE snow fell all night long like thistle-down,  
Undriven by any wind: the wreathèd urns  
Upon the terrace were sublimed with snow;  
The lawn lay blank and dazzling; and throughout  
The bleak bare length of the antique ash-trees' arms  
Smooth strips of snow in lines resplendent ran,  
With the dark russet bark in contrast viewed,  
Shewing like bands of light glancing along  
The limbs of mail-clad warriors: yews, and firs,  
Though changed in hue, retained a show of grief,  
And bowed beneath the sluggish wintry mass,  
Low feathering downwards, like the cold white plumes  
Upon a maiden's hearse who died for love.  
The holly's fenceful leaves and scarlet fruit  
Were lost beneath the clustering spheres of snow:

The oak put on a foliage new and strange  
That with the play and fashion of its boughs  
Harmoniously accorded ; and the birch  
Drooped as in summer, but in light festoons  
Of silver, worn for graceful masquerade :  
Such varied metamorphose, unforeseen,  
Relieved the dim confusion of the woods.

I feared the rising of a breath of air  
That might have marred the picture ; in my heart  
I chid the red-breast, who from spray to spray  
Hopping, a tiny avalanche shook down,  
That broke the charm where all was fairy-land.

1843.

GOLD FISH.

---

“FISH, fish, are ye in your duty ?” (26)  
Favourites, we see you in your beauty,  
Flashing there, and flashing here,  
In this basin cool and clear ;  
Where an artificial fountain,  
From a graceful centre mounting,  
Leaps high above the topmost grade  
Of a pyramidal cascade.  
Then seen with hues and forms uncertain,  
Through the foam-fringed watery curtain  
That from the ledge of carvèd stone  
Falls in a sheet with listless tone,  
Ye lose the shape of living creatures,  
And fly asunder, very meteors ;  
With rainbow atoms tossed and scattered,  
And diamond spray-dust zephyr-shattered. (27)

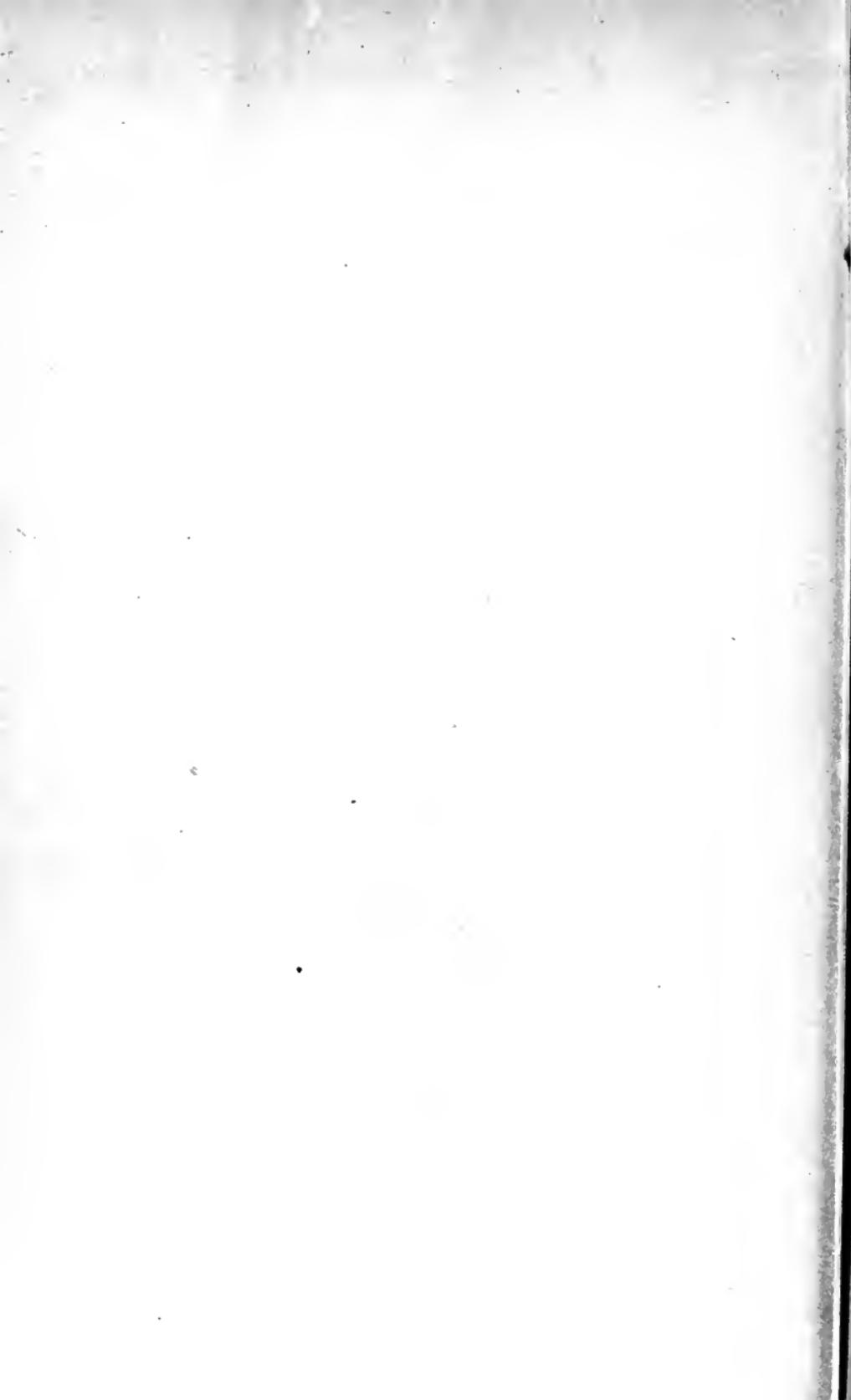
Now by mechanic sleight of hand  
The jet sinks down at my command.  
Calmed is the bubbling undulation  
That overflowed the smooth-lipped basin ;  
Gone is the motion and the noise ;—  
Now plainly seen, ye glance, or poise,  
O'ercanopied, if so your will is,  
By the broad-leaved water-lilies.  
Or, one by one, no longer sparkling,  
Ye sink at leisure, downward darkling,  
And motionless, like jewels, lie  
With rays half-hidden from the eye.

What though ye have no lofty feelings,  
No reasoning powers, no bright revealings,  
Ye may have a plenteous measure  
Dealt you of instinctive pleasure ;  
And your fine array of senses  
May outweigh even man's pretences.  
Time may not be for you a level  
Without result of good or evil ;  
Something akin to fear and hope  
May comprehend you in its scope ;

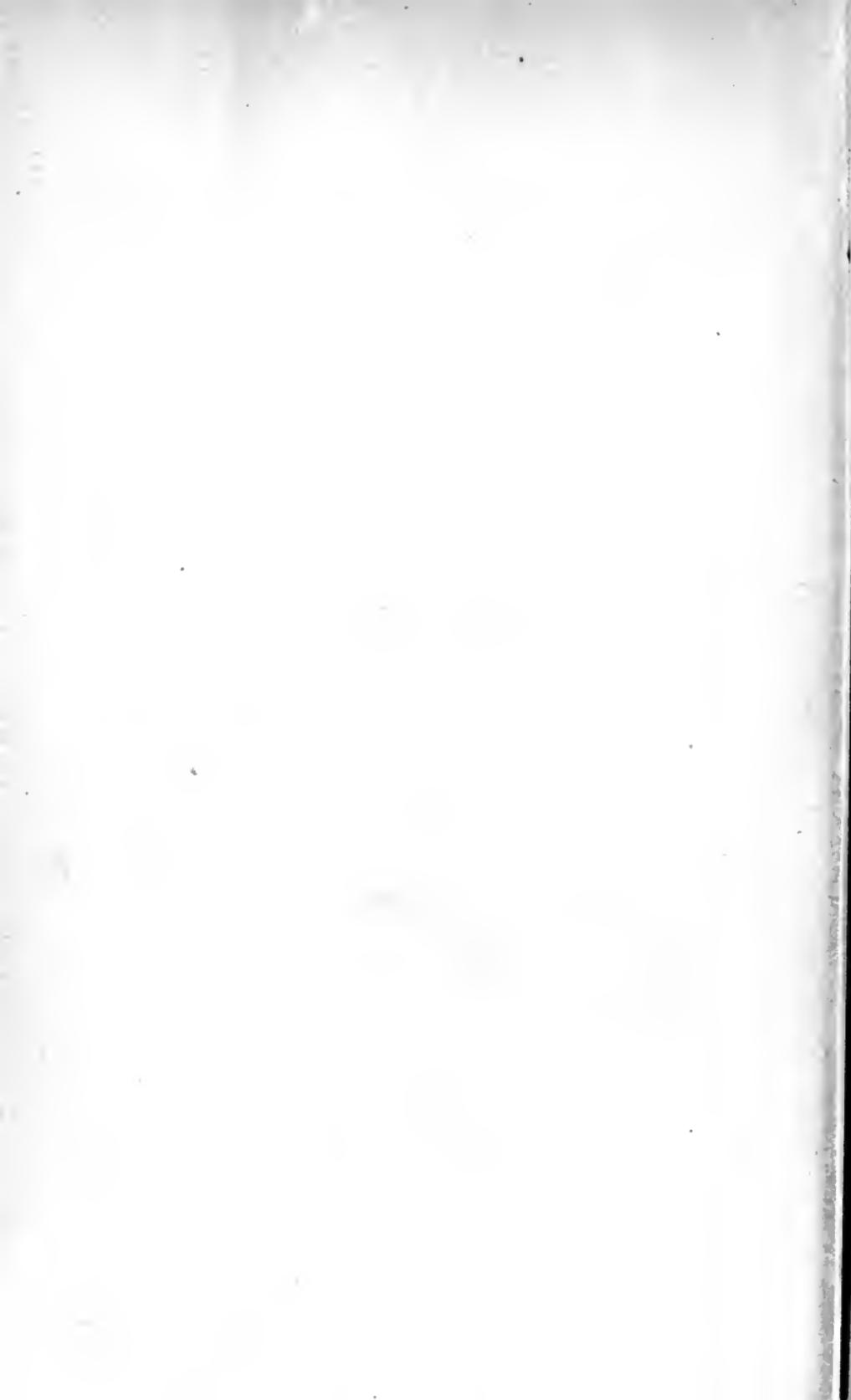
But since response can never come  
From beings proverbially dumb,  
Unresolved these points must lie ;  
But my first brief question I  
Will answer undisguisedly.

Gorgeous, and yet innocent,  
Splendour ye with peace have blent :  
I see a moral in your beauty ;  
Fish, fish, ye are in your duty.

1843.



PART II.  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## THE WORLD BEFORE MAN. (28)

“ . . . . . A globe far off  
 It seemed ; now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of chaos blustering round, inclement sky.”

*Par. Lost.—III. 426.*

“ And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,  
 Can trace the finger of mortality,  
 And see that with our threescore years and ten  
 We are not all that perish.”

WORDSWORTH.—*The Brothers.*

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ARGUMENT.

Extreme Antiquity of the Earth asserted—Consequences of Central Heat—A Belt of Clouds formed round the Globe—Changed to a Ring of Ice—The Ring broken up—Consequent Effect upon the Earth’s Surface—Contest between Heat and Cold continued—Consequent Effects upon the Earth’s Surface—Creation of Organic Life—Various Changes down to the Creation of Man—A Railway Engine and Train compared to a Living Creature—General Reflections—Conclusion.

WHEN earth was newly moulded into form,  
 And the dread void was filled, and darkness lay

No longer on the surface of the deep,  
There was a wondrous time ere Time began  
To measure out the dole of human life  
By minims of succession : Years were none  
That with the seasons' circling round expired,  
Born to scant heritage of petty change,  
And brief dominion o'er crude circumstance :  
But as an ocean stream the cycles flowed,  
Unbroken, unconfined ; and the large Days  
Were told by lapse of myriad centuries.  
From the Beginning all may not be traced  
By less than Angel ; part is yet unsealed  
By reason and experience, fountains twain  
That rise for man, and blend their streams in one ;  
Part by up-thundering earthquakes brought to light ;  
And part revealed beneath the earth and sea, (29)  
In murky shades of caverns many-tongued,  
To those who to a nether world go down,  
And occupy their business in the mine,  
Or in the sounding quarry shape the stone.

Earth, big with elements and principles,  
At first, as now, upon her axle rolled  
With pace innocuous, changeless, uniform.

Yet, ere divided by the firmament  
The waters from the waters stood distinct,  
The universal canopy of air,  
By operation fierce of central heat,  
Grew seething vapour ; seas and lakes were none ;  
All elemental liquid was dispersed  
To upper regions, interfused with air  
Expanded in unconscionable range  
To realms that lie betwixt the earth and moon,  
Where of contending forces none prevails,  
Fast by the confines of the realms of cold.  
Hence condensation moist, and hence the globe  
Became encinctured by a belt of clouds,  
Compact at length to a belt of gleaming ice,  
A ring opaque, self-balanced, wonderful,  
Fixed in the concave by petrific cold ;  
A frigid zone material, unlike that  
By sage geometricians since described  
In parcelling out the imaginary sphere.  
But heat in due procession rising slow,  
With purpose of reprisal to be wreaked  
Upon the antagonist principle, by stealth  
Attained the limits of the frost-bound air ;  
Thawing insidiously the gleaming ring's

Continuous encincture : all at once  
By gravitating pulse resistless drawn,  
Yet slowly first, the hideous ruin fell.  
Then swift and swifter whirling, clashed, and rung,  
And shivered, in the middle firmament,  
With fulminations of dire impact, shot  
From masses self-attracted, self-repelled,  
Even midst the acceleration of their fall,  
Whose speed outstripped their own outrageous clang.  
Deep shadowing thus they came : not as we see  
Sharp-pointed sleet, or comminuted hail,  
Cast forth like morsels on the wintry plain ;  
But glaciers—ice-bergs—aërolites of ice—  
Like continents and mountains, capes and isles,  
Down-thundering erst in arch-angelic war,  
Encountered the scared earth, that, furnace-like,  
With fiery emanation hissed and glowed ;  
And all the surface in commotion rose  
Torn by the fresh-engendered hurricane  
Of vaporous explosion, with a noise  
Of the icy concrete, into atoms dashed,  
Flashing to steam, then re-absorbed in air :  
Yet earth, as now, upon her axle rolled,  
With pace innocuous, changeless, uniform.

Still battling for the mastery, searching cold  
Of his old sceptre strove to dispossess  
The fiery element, and subvert his reign;  
Nor failed at length ; for weakened and o'erwrought  
By undulations lost in boundless space,  
Heat fled the superficial plain of earth,  
To the volcano's narrow bounds confined ;  
The petty fortress left him to defend.  
Then, too, the sphere of air was circumscribed,  
And rendered up its watery particles  
Conglobed in drops on high ; thence downward drawn  
To cool the surface with impetuous rain,  
Condensed and roaring into cataracts  
For ages from the watery shell of air :  
Hollowing out ocean beds, and craggy shores,  
By which no heart of buoyant mariner  
E'er shaped a course, or hoisted gladdening sail ;  
And scooping valleys desolate and lone ;  
And wearing rocks to columns and to peaks,  
Whilst all the bounding echoes were absorbed  
And deadened in the granite-shattering whirl  
And strife of waterspouts, that ceaseless raved  
On oldest mountain-ranges, older far  
Than Himalayas, Alps, or Apennines,

For these as yet were not ;—primeval hills,  
Disconsolate, disastrous, unredeemed  
By softening landscape, sight or sound of joy.  
Yet earth, as now, upon her axle rolled,  
With pace innocuous, changeless, uniform.

Pass we to happier times, when breath of life  
Organic, breath of herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
After their kind that quicken, and inspire  
Odours and savours to the laughing air,  
Gladdened the teeming garden of the world :  
And creeping things first made, then nobler kinds,  
Each after each, endowed with nerve and brain,  
Volition's seat, with frames for strength and speed,  
In sport exerted, or for needful prey,  
Started to life in forest, mere, or fen,  
When this fair world was green, and all their own.  
Peaceful the starry heavens rose and set ;  
Peaceful the level main, peaceful the air ;  
And by the lustrous woods, and groves festooned  
With flowering trailers serpentine, and palms  
Outspread in tropic shade, and sapphire lakes  
Diversified with light, and interchange  
Of noonday twilight amongst bowery hills,

Haply celestial beings walked the earth,  
With pinions folded down in lowliness,  
And all this glare abated, not without  
Serene delight, although their home was heaven ;  
And held high converse of this beauteous world,  
And how mankind thereafter should succeed  
To such possession.

Then came forth the law  
That paints the rainbow on the pendent cloud,  
Though meditative soul were none to admit  
Through outward portals of the ready sense  
Intelligential thoughts of love and praise.  
Then on the level slime and oozy shore  
Of the interminable and sluggish fen,  
In coverts of gigantic ferns, and reeds  
Like spears of serried hosts in phalanx dense  
Embattled, and portentous sedge, whose growth  
Out-topped the stature of our forest kings,  
The Saurian lay, dark, rugged, motionless,  
Ensheathed in swarthy plates of obscene mail ;  
Enormous birth : as sedulous of prey,  
This way and that, before him and behind,  
Rolling his huge circumference of eye,

That, by reflection, to the solar orb  
Responded with unutterable fire ;  
Yet quailed and sickened with the sickening sun,  
What time the eclipse, with darkly strange defect,  
Strode from the equator to earth's outward edge,  
In majesty of darkness unforetold.  
And florid earth upon her axle rolled  
With pace innocuous, changeless, uniform,  
For ages upon ages ; race to race  
Succeeding, clime to clime, nay, land to land,  
By subsidence and deposition slow  
Wrought by invisible powers in land and sea.  
And there were earthquakes, fires, and lava streams,  
And signs above, and voices on the deep,  
And mountains rose afresh, and valleys fell,  
And sun and moon and stars together sang,  
And life was through the whole pre-eminent,  
And God saw it was good ; and full in Man  
Creation's awful diapason closed. (30)

Such were the thoughts that slid into my mind  
Upon a hot and dreamy summer's day  
In Tilgate forest ; where in quarries old  
And new, his limestone treasures, the sage,

Earth's antiquary, tasks his curious wits  
To arrange, and classify, and call by name,  
Led on by records more or less obscure  
Of lizard-fish, and arborescent ferns,  
Of Megalosaurus, and of Mastodon,  
With store of thronging wonders aptly found,  
Or moulded to the occasion ; shaping thus,  
With toilsome detail, and induction slow,  
The key-stone of a science as sublime  
As any that o'erspans the gulf profound  
Of mental night ; and thus a modern muse  
Soon with *Urania* hand in hand shall walk.  
So musing, homewards towards the village inn  
I went my way ; but suddenly was driven  
Back to th' ancestral prodigies of earth,  
By contemplation of the railway train  
That rushed across the forest. Lo, it comes !  
(Thus I declaimed, with kindling fantasy,  
And corresponding gesture,) Lo, it comes,  
A dragon, or chimera of romance !  
“ With shriek like mandrakes torn out of the earth,”\*  
In just articulation, joint with joint

\* *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

Compact, with seeming sense, and purposed will,  
And vital marrow of intelligence :  
With whirlwind march, on iron-engrooved paths,  
A very thing of life, it works and plies  
Its office ; now by day a cloud it shoots  
Forth from its nostrils, steaming as with breath  
Of life, descried far off ; and so devours  
Its proper continuity of road,  
Reversing the direction of the winds  
In very prodigality of speed  
Towards its rock-entunnelled darkling lair.  
And launched upon its way in night profound  
By its tremendous neezings shines a light,\*  
With images of peril, wrath, and power ;  
As when some spirit of evil rashly freed  
Shakes the magician who dared frame the spell ;  
Happy, so might he scape the demon's ire,  
To break his wand, and all his books of art  
Enfathom in the deep.

'Tis passing strange  
That thus the latest fruit of victories won

\* See Job, xli. 18.

By means and motions over time and space—  
This child of an impetuous “Mother-age”—\*  
Of revolutionists the fiercest born—  
Should with the world’s primeval things be linked  
In apt similitude; but stranger still  
When men who “flash the lightnings, weigh the sun,”†  
And analyse high truth in abstract form  
With self-complacency, in seeming fear,  
And with imperfect resolution, shrink  
From those clear footmarks of eternal power—  
The revelations of the living rocks,  
On which the Almighty hath impressed his seal  
Imperishable—from those bodily forms  
Distinct as ’twere in monumental stone.  
The sign goes by unrecognised with joy  
And reverence, though the shadow backward goes  
By prominence and bulk of outward things  
Upon the dial of creation cast.  
But we have seen how oft pure reason *stoops*  
In elevation of imagined power  
That holds the mirror up to darling pride;  
And loves not to engage in scrutiny

\* TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

† Ibid.

Of things that with miraculous organs speak  
Of the relations which they bear to man ;  
And call for mixed affections as their due,  
Inculcating communion with ourselves  
As thralls of dissolution and decay ;  
End, aim, and object of instruction, fit  
Conclusion of all colloquy sublime.  
O, when will science shew her genuine face !  
When shine with lustre worthy of her name,  
With Heart for her foundation !—He, meanwhile,  
Is wise, who builds his philosophic tower  
Upon the Rock of Ages, and attains  
Self-knowledge, self-respect, and self-control,\*  
These three—and leaves the rest to One above.

1842.

\* See TENNYSON'S *Aenone*.

## THE OLD YEAR.

---

“ . . . . . I stood pensively,  
As one that from a casement leans his head,  
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,  
And the old year is dead.”

TENNYSON.—*A Dream of Fair Women.*

---

’Tis midnight, yet the clear church bells  
In measured strains are pealing :  
I hear their chime as it gently swells,  
O’er hill and valley stealing.  
And now ’tis hushed, and now once more  
Sound-laden blasts with a gathering roar  
The ravished ear with music fill—  
Sweep by—and leave the sense behind—  
And sinking with the sinking wind,  
Pause—fade—and all is still.

The old year is dead !—the best of years !  
He lies upon his bier !

Your tones, ye pensive monitors,  
    Yet linger in mine ear.  
From high to low your voices range  
With moody elements of change ;  
    And ye tell in the close of your dying fall  
Of hopes and enterprises fair,  
Like vacant sounds, dispersed in air :  
    For the world lies under a pall.

And many there are who never more  
    Your melody shall hear ;  
Nor see the lengthening days restore  
    A beauteous blithe new year.  
For I heard in your peal a deep-toned bell  
That to-morrow may sullenly swing my knell,  
    And bid my comrades cease their mirth,  
And loosen the knots of their festival bowers,  
And scatter the sweet exotic flowers  
    Over the new-raised earth.

Yet let the crowd of wingèd years  
    Pass on, away, away !  
The still small voice within declares  
    How vain were their delay ;

And harmonising to the breast  
Foretells the promised place of rest,  
    With recompense for worldly woe ;  
Where cold decay shall never come,  
But new-born spring for ever bloom,  
    And years eternal flow.

1826.

THE WALLFLOWER.

---

SAY, bright recluse, sweet hermit-flower,  
Why lovest thou alone to bloom  
O'er relics of the crumbling tower,  
Or fragments of the marble tomb ?

Say, can the desert yield a charm  
To which all social joys give place ;  
Or loneliness secure from harm  
Thy fragrance and seductive grace ?

Quit, if thou canst, this deathlike shade ;  
Seek rather some delicious bower  
That beauty's delicate hands have made,  
And drink the artificial shower.

I spoke—for pity's kindly ray  
O'er every thought its influence shed ;  
When thus the wallflower seemed to say,  
Responsive from her stony bed,—

“ Though nurtured here in humble guise,  
My occupation is not mean ;  
'Twere ill a creature to despise  
That lives amidst a lifeless scene.

Remote from man's officious sway,  
I love to deck the hallowed mould ;  
And perfumed gales my seeds convey  
To rise in vegetable gold.

Nature's lorn child, 'tis mine alone  
To mark the spot where grandeur fell ;  
Or, from the monumental stone  
Of beauty, love, and truth, to tell.

And if within this holy ground  
Some pensive lover chance to stray,  
I spread my choicest sweets around,  
And bloom to cheer his lonely way.”

## THE HELIOTROPE.

---

OPPRESSED one sultry summer's noon  
I sought the garden spot,  
Where pleasures flown return full soon,  
And care is all forgot.

The high-throned sun shone o'er the ground,  
And every minute new,  
Swift as the honey-bees around,  
On joyous pinions flew.

Of humble growth, and modest look,  
Remote from careless eye,  
'Twas here I chanced in sheltered nook  
A floweret to descry,

That towards the star of heat and light  
Its azure bosom turned,  
As from the illimitable height  
Of the heavenly arch he burned.

And still the flower allegiance there  
By sympathy expressed ;  
And still to woo each teeming air  
Inclined a loving breast ;

And Chlora, gathering far and wide  
The treasures of the year,  
Here stayed her hand, and turned aside,  
And spared the symbol dear ;

The sun whose rays her breast had caught  
To none beside was known :  
She sighed—and wherefore ?—She had found  
A moral of her own.

1827.

THE ANGLER'S LAMENT.

---

THESE news, brother-fishermen, how shall I tell ?  
The Club must to Longstock indite a farewell.  
For the lord of the manor his right has declared,  
And takes back to himself what for years we have shared.

Our life-breathing sports one and all must we leave,  
Unto which until death shall fond memory cleave.  
Here our thoughts, by the reflex of friendship's bright beam,  
Danced light as our breezes, flowed pure as our stream.

Ay ! 'twill soon be confessed, when too late to amend,  
Who best could the trout-teeming waters defend ;  
For their crimson-specked denizens now will decay,  
And the pike and the poacher go shares in the prey.

We will grieve for our hut by the river so fair,  
For good feeling and fellowship ever reigned there ;  
For our hut, left to fall in the night-raving wind,  
In whose ruins the night-bird an harbour shall find.

Lest our rods should lie rotting, since useless our art,  
We will plant them the willows among, ere we part,  
And taking quick root in the soil they love best,  
They for ever shall wave o'er the stream of the Test.

But in heart we'll ne'er envy the lord of the manor ;  
Still we'll greet him with kindness, still mention with  
honour ;  
And the best we can do, when we next meet together,  
Is to wish him West winds, and true fisherman's weather.

1827.

## FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF SAMUEL.

## CHAPTER I. 20-27.

---

LET it not in Gath be known  
 That the mighty ones lie low ;  
 — Publish it not in Askelon,  
 Lest Philistia triumph now.

Let the fertilising rains  
 And the mellow dews no more  
 Rush in streamlets to the plains  
 From thy mountain-tops, Gilboa.

Woe worth the place, woe worth the day !\*  
 There let no offerings be appointed ;  
 Vilely the shield is cast away,  
 The shield of Saul, the Lord's anointed.

\* “ Howl ye, woe worth the day ! ” — Ezekiel, xxx. .

Though from carnage of the slain,  
Though from spoilings unabated,  
Their bended bow turned not again,  
Nor their brand with blood unsated,

Nor Saul nor Jonathan survives !

In one another they confided ;  
Lovely and pleasant in their lives,  
And in their death were not divided.

Less swift the mountain eagle's flight  
Careering through the fields of air :  
Less strong the lion in his might  
Uprising from his desert lair.

Daughters of Israel, weep for Saul,  
Who clothèd you in rich apparel :  
How the mighty ones are fallen  
From the height of glorious quarrel !

O Jonathan, I weep for thee,  
Slain in all thy pride of place ;  
Very pleasant hast thou been to me  
By friendship's greetings face to face.

Now it skills not, though 'tis told  
Thy soul to mine was bound as fast  
In love that, wondrous to behold,  
The love of women far surpassed.

Ye princely shades ! on you we call  
With tribute of a nation's woe :  
How the mighty ones are fallen !  
Their weapons perished, their heads laid low !

1828.

## SONNET.

## ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN MOIR. (31)

JULY 1830.

---

LONG may the Twelve in England's Courts observe  
Thy tone impartial, and thy dauntless nerve,  
Most upright Judge ! who, waiving all respect  
Of person and of station, didst detect  
In him, who rushed o'er passion's headlong steep,  
Malice prepense, a purpose dark and deep.  
Against that sentence no dissentient voice  
Was raised, yet thousands trembled as they heard ;  
Justice in sternest mood was yet revered ;  
Nor Wisdom claimed, nor Pity's self, a choice.  
Yet prayers went forth, that all-surpassing Grace  
From the Recording Book might yet efface  
That big transgression ; nor his earthly doom  
Shut out sweet Hope even from the murderer's tomb.

1830.

S C E N E  
IN THE  
COUNTY OF WICKLOW.—IRELAND.  
A SKETCH.

---

BORDERING the mountainous and wild way-side  
That leads to Glendalough and Kevin's bed,  
Renowned in song and legendary lore, (32)  
I saw a fragment huge of stubborn rock,  
And hard by stood a cabin : each of each  
Seemed at first sight the very counterpart ;  
Alike in outline, magnitude, and hue ;  
Twin offsprings of th' inhospitable soil.  
The rock lay sullen in its ruggedness,  
Cold as a pinnacle of northern ice ;  
Massive, obtuse, and fostering nought of life,  
Save lichens, barely classed with living things,  
Yet by their hues redeemed from nothingness.  
But the low cabin stood on cherished ground :  
The stir of life was there ; and we beheld

The azure peat-smoke curling silently  
From what served as a chimney ; on our ears  
Light footsteps fell, with voices not a few,  
That told of amity, domestic cares,  
And all the tender charities of home.  
And even that mass of rock, whose presence seemed  
Too coldly savage for companionship,  
Yields no unwelcome service, casting shade  
Profoundly grateful to the wearied one  
Returning from the peat-bog or the field,  
To taste repose, and bless the hour of noon ;  
Oft in the winter checks the driving storm,  
And by the reflex of the sun brings down  
Some genial comfort from the frosty air,  
To charm the rigours of that desert place,  
And breathe around tranquillity and joy.

TO SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, K.H.  
ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CAPE OF  
GOOD HOPE, 1838.

---

“Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores.”—HORACE.

---

HERSCHEL, of zealous father zealous son, (33)  
Receive the crown thine ardent toil hath won :  
See, England’s wisest, pressing to the shore,  
Descend in crowds to welcome thee once more ;  
Climb the tall deck that bore thee safe to land,  
And clasp in ecstasy thy friendly hand,  
With heartfelt welcome both to thee and thine—  
Loved ones who cheered thee on the cheerless brine.

When first thy vessel winged her eager way  
Athwart the Line of equal night and day,  
Taught southward her unerring course to shape,  
And seek no haven save the wave-worn Cape ;

Though 'twas a joy to catch the gallant breeze  
That whitened o'er the crest of foreign seas,  
With glowing sense of change from hour to hour,  
As clime succeeded clime with varied power,  
And ocean told of wondrous living things,  
And air responded to the sea-bird's wings,  
With sights and sounds that stir each feeling breast ;  
Flashed there no joy on thee above the rest ?  
As from th' horizon's still descending plane  
Star after star rose o'er the heaving main,  
Revealing in the ever-changing skies  
One after one their glorious novelties—  
Not with amazement, but with rapture, fraught,  
Fresh to thy gaze, familiar to thy thought—  
Till the South Pole stood high in pomp untold,  
And a new firmament around thee rolled.

'Tis done : in either hemisphere thy name  
Is read in characters of deathless fame ;  
But happier they the wondrous tale that hear  
From thine own lips, illustrative and clear.  
Now shall they welcome thee who most incline  
To talk with zeal and intellect like thine ;

They who, thy much-loved Granta's bowers among,  
Mingle stern reasoning with the muse's song ;  
The kindred souls, that watched and drank with glee  
The scanty tidings sent across the sea.  
Bear them awhile to realms of space remote,  
Where myriad worlds in ambient ether float,  
Celestial husbandman ! who, night by night,  
Didst garner up the golden grains of light,  
In fields then first disclosed to mortal eye,  
Rich with the harvest of an unknown sky.  
Thy bright discourse of treasured lore prolong,  
Thyself the centre of the listening throng ;  
On truths sublime the graceful charm bestow  
Of winning eloquence in fullest flow.

Born to the contemplation of the sky,  
Nursed in the arms of sweet philosophy,  
Better thy spirit in its calling strove  
For this, that thou hadst much therein to love ;  
And memory of the sage, whose precepts mild  
Led thee to star-eyed science when a child,  
(The sage, who, borne on wisdom's searching wing,  
Found for the lyre of Heaven another string,) (34)

Led thee in filial reverence onward still,  
Bade thee for him the mighty task fulfil:  
No fond and vain ambition here we see,  
But science raised to piety in thee.

Yes, there are laurels wreathed for him alone  
Whose mind from truths eternal takes its tone :  
And if with genius in one blaze combined,  
Pure social worth, love, charity, we find,  
Man creeps no more the being of an hour—  
With honour crowned, than angels little lower.

1838.

## WORTHING.

## A SKETCH.

---

NOT when the winter's wild south-western blast  
Scatters thy spray-flakes, furious, loud, and fast,  
But when thy surf with slow and solemn swell  
Booms on the ear, I love thee, ocean, well.

'Tis sweet to lie fanned by thy healthful breeze,  
Stretched on the shore in meditative ease,  
Whilst influences tremble through the frame,  
Felt inwardly, but which we cannot name ;  
And sweet to share with those we love the best  
Old recreations in new colours dressed ;  
With rhymes and tales that to the seas belong,  
Of Proteus' wreathèd horn, or mermaid's fabled song.

Here children on the sands, or pebbly beach,  
In very sport learn more than books can teach.

The smooth-worn shingle, and the buoyant weed,  
Please with moist gleam, and temptingly succeed.  
Some pause aloof, to watch with timorous glee  
The magic swelling of the moon-led sea ;  
Some bolder stand, unmoved, in act to brave  
The flowing march of each advancing wave ;  
Then follow, when its land-ward plunge is o'er,  
Its backward swing, that sweeps and rattles down the shore.

But when low tide reveals the ocean-bed,  
A level space of firm brown sand is spread,  
With wave-like ripple-mark ribbed far and wide, (35)  
Ploughed by the ceaseless current of the tide,  
From where the shingles whiten in the sun,  
And the swart lines of sweltering sea-weed run,  
To where mid-way between the earth and sky  
The steaming mirage mocks the clearest eye.  
Black, without motion, lies the fisher's boat;  
Scarce within sight, one vessel rides afloat ;  
Whilst through the throng of sauntering idlers gay  
The dripping shrimper threads his homeward way.

JUNE 2, 1841.

---

ALL day we watched her glazing eye—  
Her hurried gasps for breath ;  
We could not name her malady,  
We only felt 'twas Death.

I kissed her, but no healing hung  
Upon these lips of mine ;  
In hopeless grief well nigh my tongue  
Arraigned the will divine.

And now, the fearful struggle o'er,  
We hailed her blest release ;  
And in th' expression of her brow,  
Fraught with exceeding peace,

Triumphant shone the heavenly word,  
So glorious, yet so mild,—  
Whoe'er would see the **LORD** must be  
Even as this little child.

JUNE 6 AND 12, 1841.

Insatiate Archer ! could not one suffice ?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.

YOUNG, *Night I.*

SHE went before ; yet, hovering nigh  
On pinions newly given,  
Tarried for two as sweet, to fly  
Abreast with them to Heaven.

For soon another darling girl  
Cut off with sudden throes  
Taught us how rarely man may meet  
With solitary woes. (36)

Again the awful summons came :  
Our infant boy is gone !  
O God, on me thy judgments be ;  
These sheep what have they done ?

Yet, strong in free and patient thoughts, (37)  
Who rightly use their doom,  
Shall find all earthly sorrows turn  
To stillness, not to gloom.

The tenants of these tiny biers  
These girls—this infant boy—  
Are seeds of promise sown in tears  
To rise again in joy.

1841.

## ON A SCENE IN HUNGARY.

BUDA, JULY 31, 1841.

WOULD'ST thou survey a scene as bright  
As may on earth be found,  
Ascend the Blocksberg's craggy height  
By star-eyed Science crowned.\*

Thence with enraptured eye skim o'er  
The immeasurable plain,  
Teeming for Hungary's lords with store  
Of flocks, and herds, and grain.

Then, turning towards the breezy west,  
Refresh the wearied sight  
With vine-clad slopes, and wilder hills,  
Enrobed in summer light.

\* The observatory of Buda is erected on the summit of the Blocksberg.

Below, white walls, and glittering spires,  
Buda, and Pesth are seen,  
And Danube in unbroken flow  
Rolls deep and wide between;

But, when the haunts of men are passed,  
Puts forth on either hand  
Two mighty arms, to compass round  
And water all the land.

And northwards by those floating mills,  
Two islands, side by side,  
With greenest thickets wooded o'er,  
Lie stemming Danube's tide,

That runs in narrowed course between—  
Then, swift as thought can fly,  
I dream of woods and meadows green  
On Thames's banks that lie.

*“Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain.” (38)*

Return, return, inconstant thoughts,  
What tricks doth memory play !  
Forbear to mingle scenes like these  
With others far away.

O Nature ! still where'er I roam,  
Thee, Goddess, I revere ;  
Then let me dwell on scenes of home,  
Less mighty, yet more dear.

He thy best worshipper shall prove  
Who feels it pleasing pain,  
By leagues of earth and sea removed  
To drag the lengthening chain. (39)

1841.

A TRIFLE WRITTEN ON THE BOSPHORUS.

AUGUST 1841.

---

IF a certain young lady,  
More fair than a May-day,  
And whose motions in dancing are graceful and free,  
Were changed by some Fay to a wave of the sea, (40)  
To dance so for ever, 'twould be scarce such a loss for us  
Were she changed to a wave of this magical Bosphorus,  
Here to move in soft light, 'neath the crescent-star  
Phosphorus.

1841.

THE BLIND GIRL.

---

SISTER, I have oft suspected  
To idle grief thou dost incline ;  
Now by the throb thou art detected  
Of thy fingers pressed to mine.

I a stranger am to weeping —  
How should I thy peace annoy ?  
Evermore, awake or sleeping,  
Flows the current of my joy.

I love the air by humming fountains  
Fanned and freshened, and the charms  
Of sunshine sweetening heathery mountains,  
And breath of upland dairy farms ;

Where whilst youths and maids are telling  
Of fields in gorgeous wild-flowers dressed,  
By a sense sublime of smelling (41)  
I know the fields the Lord hath blessed.

I hear the winds rise up to battle,  
Or in the feathering larches sing,  
Or in the merry ash-keys rattle,  
Or in rough oaks low murmuring.

And in that hour of deepest feeling,  
Evening twilight, comes a sound  
Of dread yet lovely beings wheeling  
About the firmament profound—

About the constellations, rolling  
All night to quiet melodies,  
Hushed by the morning sun's controlling—  
Lost in his fuller harmonies.

I hear of beauteous forms and faces,  
Sparkling eyes and glossy hair,  
And my touch unerring traces  
Mind and spirit dwelling there.

And thankful for the inventor's cunning,  
The page embossed with learning's fruit,  
O'er which my hand will still be running  
As o'er an harpsichord or lute,

I glide through tales of warlike ages, (42)  
And follow high poetic rhyme,  
And magic lore of bearded sages,  
“ And the long result of time.”\*

Or inly pondering Gospel tidings,  
I learn from our Redeemer’s lot  
How light in darkness was residing,  
But the darkness knew it not.

Sister, I make no vain pretences  
Weighing thus my gifts with thine ;  
I, as well as thou, have senses  
To comprehend that word—to shine.

A day shall dawn, a day of brightness,  
Such the glorious words of Grace,  
When we,—yes, we, in robes of whiteness  
Shall see our Maker face to face.

1842.

\* TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*.

## ON REVISITING ETON,

IN THE YEAR 1842.

---

THESE the spires and these the turrets sons of Eton love  
to greet :

See beneath the row of lime-trees that low wall, our  
wonted seat.

See those benches ; on the oaken wainscot graven see that  
name ;

See the thronging generation — 'tis another and the same —  
Beneath those elm-trees in the meadows musical with  
happy sounds

Of unbroken boyish spirits gambolling in ceaseless rounds :  
And by the gallant river eddying onward, ever bright and  
deep,

I seem to know the weeds and rushes, and the willow's  
graceful sweep.

And I see the self-same elm-tree under which in by-gone years

Me my parents left, a timid novice, drowned in parting tears.

Once more I greet its whispering branches: nay, the very clouds that fly

O'erhead away, like youthful days, seem moulded in a well-known sky.

Comrades of youth's by-gone season! comrades in the cheerful glade!

May I shew what fearful tracks the wheels of circumstance have made?

And hand in hand how time and space have sworn to sever you and me,

And thrown between congenial souls a thousand leagues of land and sea?

No: stronger feelings, stronger passions, in the interval have grown;

I the changes of a lifetime in a few short years have known.

Further, further, in the distance, Eton, waned thy hoary towers;

Yet I clung to thy remembrance—rallied all my spirit's powers—

For the ties that held me to thee worn and frayed with  
worldly strife

Might have snapped but for new blessings calling me to  
second life.

Then waxed thy vision, Eton, in the distance, and there  
came a voice

Chiming sweetly to a father's boasting of his radiant boys.

Yes, my children, smile upon me ! with your soul-endearing  
smile

Ye shall calm these fevered feelings, wipe my tears, my  
cares beguile.

Thou, of disposition timid, graced with fancy's fair impress,  
Which I pray may ne'er seduce thee from true paths of  
happiness ;

Thou, too, o'er whose noble features its own radiance  
frankness flings,

Who wouldst eager-hearted hunt the insect, yet not bruise  
her wings ;

I conjure ye by affection's spell, by every sacred tie,  
Love ye, love ye, one another ; 'tis that way your riches lie.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

Now 'tis comfort to address thee, Spirit of that ancient  
Place ;  
Thee, the soul of England's glory, of her sage and warrior  
race.  
Spirit, now arrayed in whiteness, now with shadows  
overcast,  
Come with precept for the future, with rebukings for  
the past.  
Since thy Henry ruled in Britain, year by year, and day  
by day,  
At the gates of thy renewing maimed and fettered lies  
Decay :  
Thou outweltest, like thy river's stream, unperishingly rife  
With youth's blithe elements of motion, and invulnerable  
life.  
By the dignity of friendship—by the chastenings of the  
mind—  
By communications lofty—all that elevates mankind—  
Let me love thee like a parent—flee to thee and be at rest—  
To thy water-brooks betake me like the hart by hunters  
pressed.

1842.

## FRAGMENT.

BUT still the maiden's form was seen  
Along the path, and on the green,  
Alike in sunshine or in shade  
Of no disdainful looks afraid.  
Though wrung her bosom was, and care  
Left more of shade than sunshine there ;  
And silent change fell sicklying o'er  
The lineaments so blithe before.  
Yet 'tis a bright spot in her story,  
How in her secret oratory,  
As hope and shame alternate swayed  
The bosom of the beauteous maid,  
Sweet hope prevailed, with humbling sense  
Of self-arraigning penitence.  
Yet, when abroad, she still would gaze  
Right onwards, till a dull cold glaze

Fell o'er the sense strained to descry  
The line that joins the earth and sky,  
Where Heaven's bright concave stoops to kiss  
The features of a world like this.  
For she had read of heavenly things—  
Of joyous angels poised on golden wings  
O'er souls united to regenerate clay  
Ushered with harpings loud to realms of endless  
day.

1841

## FROM THE GREEK.

LET not the cup of friendship stand, (43)  
 Yet mix it with a temperate hand :  
 O'ercharge not the full heart to prove  
 The fierce intensities of Love.

As glow the affections of the soul  
 Betimes subject them to control :  
 Impose not thou a weightier share  
 On man's inheritance of care.

The stern desires and cares of life  
 Soon choke delight, soon gender strife ;  
 Whilst health from mind and body flies,  
 Or in the war of passion dies.

I prize, I praise, the noble mind  
 By Prudence guided, not confined ;  
 And sainted Wisdom's liquid voice  
 Approves my unaspiring choice.

## FROM MARTIAL.

LIB. V. 20.

---

COULD we live, my dearest brother, (44)  
But for ourselves, and one another,  
Disposers of our proper leisure,  
In blameless holiday, and pleasure,  
We'd ne'er frequent the great man's levée,  
Nor law-courts soured with pleadings heavy,  
Content in quiet to reside,  
Far from the imaginings of pride.  
For literary friends, and talk —  
Light exercise in shady walk —  
At proper times in proper places  
The gladiators and the races —  
The bath — the stroll by Virgo's source —  
Would satisfy our tastes of course :  
Such would our haunts be, such our neighbours,  
Such our extemporary labours.

Now, whilst we live for those alone  
Who love us not, the day is gone—  
The day that never can return :  
O be life then our dear concern,  
Nor to the blessed Sun impute (45)  
The blame of haste whilst we dispute.  
Who, blest with means, and in the way  
Of sweetening life, would brook delay ?

1842.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SELWYN.

OCTOBER, 1842.

LESS with the world than with her God she dwelt.  
She shut the door, and in her chamber knelt ;  
With brighter visions blessed than in the prime  
Of life ; with peace confirmed by lapse of time  
In heavenly commune spent, and acts of praise ;  
And training up her children in the ways  
Of love, repaid with love seven-fold in after days.

There lay arranged beside her Book of Prayer,  
A miniature, and light brown lock of hair ;  
And honourable tokens graced the room  
Of one who cast behind him friends and home, (46)  
To preach the word in regions far away,  
Alternating with these in night and day ;  
And spread the unwonted sounds of Sabbath bells  
O'er Zealand's waters, woods, and savage dells.

She loved not him alone, but this her son,  
Save through remote intelligence alone

Conveyed by those whose path is on the sea,  
O'er half the mighty globe's convexity,  
Seemed lost to her for ever; his embrace  
She ne'er again could feel, ne'er greet him face to face.  
But in that hour she felt that good descends  
On feelings mortified for holy ends;  
That God accelerates His work of grace  
"By paths no human wisdom can fore-trace;" \*  
And humbly trusted He might not despise  
The love she offered up—a mother's sacrifice.

Fearless, and strengthened in exceeding peace,  
Death found her thus; commissioned to release  
The spirit made perfect, for in prayer she died  
As she had lived. Death came, but laid aside  
The terrors of his aspect and his dart:  
Thus without racking pain of limb or heart,  
But with the gentlest change e'er wrought on clay,  
Woman no more, the saint was called to endless day.

How dear the epistolary sheet which said  
That I was one for whom she often prayed:

\* WORDSWORTH, *the Warning*.

For in this lower world more things are wrought  
By aspiration than are dreamed or thought :  
And dear, as memory of the parted shade,  
Each charitable phrase, and mention made  
Of unextinguishable friendship's rays,  
And intercourse in young and happy days,  
When warm affection spake, and bade me share  
With loved ones, in whose grief my part I bear,  
A something of that mother's love and care.

1842.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF BISHOP SELWYN  
FOR NEW ZEALAND.

DECEMBER, 1841.

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ARGUMENT.

Parting Scene—Reflections on the Undertaking—The Voyage—The Haven reached—Digressional Address to the Guardian Angel of Great Britain—Thanksgivings for Victories abroad—Crowned by increasing Power of the Church at Home—The same Power hereafter to be extended to New Zealand by the Operation of the present Mission—Future advanced State of Civilisation in New Zealand imagined and described—Conclusion.

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On England's shores the Tomatin unfurled  
Her sails to waft her o'er one half the world :  
And with a troop of friends upon the strand,  
Of whom some wept, appeared a parting band  
Called hence for earth's remotest isle to steer,  
And shape in utmost Zealand their career.

And raised above the multitude was one  
Towards whom all turned as towards a central sun ;  
A youthful head erect in mitred state ;  
And with a dignity inviolate,  
Mixed with a look of sweet accord, he drew  
Such reverence as to age alone seemed due.  
For holiest thoughts were legible in his face  
With quiet ornament of genuine grace.  
Even in that hour he wore a cheerful guise ;  
And on his lofty brow, and in his eyes,  
Lightened a soul of resolute emprise ;  
And whilst affectionate farewells he spoke,  
“ He bore his great commission in his look.” \*  
The prayer was said—the benediction given—  
In the full canvass sat the wind of Heaven ;  
The deck receded—still upon his tongue  
The loved and honoured name of Eton hung ;  
So forth they fared upon the pathless sea,  
A goodly fellowship—a glorious company.

Devoted spirit ! we cannot choose but take  
Shame to ourselves for thy privations’ sake,

\* DRYDEN, *Character of a Good Parson, from Chaucer.*

Whilst soft civilisation showers around  
Our homes all luxuries of sight and sound.  
Whence admiration of endurance takes  
Soft melting hues ; nay, pity's self awakes,  
Roused at the call of friendship, that began  
In school-boy days, and now binds man to man.  
Yes ! we will seek with thee that distant shore ;  
And though with bodily eye we see thy face no more,  
Such is our love, in vain shall ocean roll  
His bars between to sever soul from soul.

What hope was thine when dashed the rainbow spray,  
A cheering emblem through the tedious day,  
Over thy vessel's prow, and far away  
She held her lengthened course, unvexed by storms  
That call up terror in a thousand forms.  
Month after month the measureless ocean-wild  
Mirrored the azure firmament, that smiled  
With sunlit influences upon the deep,  
And lulled the tempest in unwonted sleep ;  
Till in the very haven where thou would'st be,  
Omen of happiest futurity,  
Earth, sea, sun, air, all gave the favouring sign,  
Here breathes a spirit of man no other than divine ;

And ere thou might'st address thy future flock (47)  
Of cinctured islanders, each barren rock,  
And distant bowery hill, and glistening cove,  
Was hailed with joy akin to heavenly love.

Thanks to the guardian angel of this realm,  
Invisible power, that governs the state-helm ;  
Culls for the knightly brows of England's court  
Laurels from all nations ; wafts to every port  
Her prince-like merchants throned on gallant decks ;  
Sets British feet upon the prostrate necks  
Of millions beneath India's fiery sky ;  
And, with unconquered aim to do or die,  
Led on her troops their banners to display  
In Affghanistan wild, and far Cathay :  
But let the fervours of thanksgiving rise  
For crowning mercies dew-dropped from the skies,  
Now that the militant Church in open sight  
Of men arrays Her panoply for fight ;  
Uprising first in learning's holiest bowers  
By Isis' banks ; thence from a thousand towers,  
From each cathedral pinnacle, and spire  
Throughout the land, proclaimed with tongues of fire,

And clang of two-edged faulchions, and keen swords,  
From the armoury of marrow-sundering words.. .  
Once and again with ringing warrior tones,  
And with a mighty stirring of dry bones,  
And voices louder waxing, trumpet-pealed,  
With no uncertain sound on God's own battle-field,  
She re-unites the broken, scattered, lost,  
Confederation of Her ancient host ;  
Intent offending Christians to rebuke :  
Yet towards that isle She turns with gracious look ;  
And casts a pitying eye of heavenly ruth  
On babes and sucklings converts to the truth.  
And smiling on their spiritual infancy,  
Love, Hope, and Patience wait, these glorious three ;  
Whence in thy sacred function a serene  
Example of endurance shall be seen,  
That the high-way before Her shall prepare,  
Sweet-minded prelate : thou, true messenger  
Of peace, shalt raise the savage of the wild,  
And gently draw him ; lordly, yet a child,  
He loves thy pastoral care, and precepts nobly mild.

Thus quickening with vitality intense,  
The germ of national pre-eminence,

Watered by true religion, shall take root,  
And bear for unborn ages richest fruit.  
Then shall a fair ingenuous race explore  
The darkling mines of intellectual lore ;  
And eager-hearted industry give birth  
To the respondent claims of social worth.  
The prairie and the fern-grown waste shall teem  
With culture, there the golden harvest gleam ;  
And commerce from untold resources spring ;  
And vessels shoreward crowd “ on wheel or wing.”\*  
And kindling to the genius of the clime,  
Shall polished arts succeed, and high-built rhyme  
From native imagery shall take its tone,  
And hallow mighty deeds of warriors done  
In chivalrous feats of arms, not barbarous war ;  
So shall thy Zealand shine the leading star  
Fixed in the galaxy of lustrous isles  
That o'er the one half world of waters smiles.

And measured by thine aim, that seeks the skies,  
Thereafter shall a temple-dome arise,

\* CAMPBELL, “ *Lines on the View from St. Leonard's.*”

Of vast proportions just, yet intricate,  
Of symmetry befitting Christian state ;  
Elaborate with gold, with marble bright,  
From tessellated floor to fretted height ;  
Where the discriminating eye shall trace  
Fresh combinations, and new forms of grace,  
Caught from the o'er-arching woodland colonnades,  
And pendent scenery of those savage glades,  
From Nature's own soft architecture won  
To live by native art transferred to stone.  
And in that temple shall glad crowds attend,  
And to the light revealed in reverence bend ;  
Whilst to reverberating vocal choirs,  
And breath of organ-pipes, the anthem lends its fires.

And though to see thy Zealand in her prime  
May not be given, yet, triumphing o'er time,  
One solace is behind, if those that feed  
By faith upon the future solace need.  
Within these sacred precincts shall be shewn  
A venerable monumental stone,  
Whereon posterity shall read thy name  
Inscribed, and consecrate to deathless fame.

Even now each pensive and o'erflowing heart  
That bears, or fain would bear, with thee its part  
To speed the progress of the glorious doom  
Foreshadowed in a kingdom yet to come,  
With those of sainted men thy name enrolls,  
Shepherd and Bishop of converted souls.

1843.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

---

HARK ! what sound mine ear doth mock !—  
'Tis the merry cuckoo-clock,  
Chiming like the very bird  
In earliest days of summer heard,  
With her two notes reiterated ;  
Lonely bird—a voice unmated.

When the huge cathedral bell  
Flings its undulating knell  
From a central heart of sound,  
To circle all the city round,  
Where the shadowy watchmen creep  
By the houses lapped in sleep ;  
Knell that flies o'er palace towers,  
And penetrates to inmost bowers,  
And leaves within the haunted ear  
Of lonely fireside listener  
Something of fantastic fear

With its iron stern vibration ;  
Cuckoo-clock, the salutation  
Of thy admonitory ditty  
Soothes me in the pent-up city,  
With thine own peculiar greeting ;  
And thus the hours, for ever fleeting,  
Are onward cheated and beguiled  
To die in music of the wild.

Cuckoo-clock, thy rural summons  
Calls me to heathery thorn-grown commons,  
Hazel-brakes, and beechen groves,  
Where thy feathered namesake roves ;  
And bids me summer scenes remember  
In the month of drear December.  
And when fierce dreams upon the bed  
Of pain and sickness rack the head,  
Since thy clear note is ever telling  
Of sunshine, and of life outwelling,  
There is no distressful warning  
In thy alarum, but a dawning  
And a promise of renewal  
Of healthful power, life's dearest jewel.

And Oh ! what charms thy tuneful shock,  
All-unconscious cuckoo-clock,  
Had for that child of sweetest features, (48)  
A seraph now with seraph creatures.  
How often would she pause and stay  
In the midst of all her play,  
At the very noontide hour,  
Held by thy spell of pleasing power,  
With eager eyes, and lips apart,  
Answering to her fluttering heart,  
That did within her bosom knock ;  
Unmoved the while as marble block,  
She gazed upon thee, cuckoo-clock,  
Like a votary come from far  
For response oracular,  
Till with sudden click and jar  
Thy mysterious doors should sunder  
With a sight and sound of wonder.  
Were the curious craftsman near,  
German, or stout Hollander,  
Who wrought thy wheels, and bade thee tell  
Each hour with voice instead of bell,  
A mile or twain he would be running  
To see such triumph of his cunning.

How oft temptation's sorest trials  
Environ those enchanting dials,  
That even the soberest hearts entrammel,  
With gold engraved, and flowered enamel :  
But thy wooden aspect homely,  
In unison with all that's comely,  
Speaks of regulated duty  
By a charm surpassing beauty.  
Of vocal mechanism the sweetest,  
Thanks for the lesson thou repeatest ;  
Thanks for the never-failing stock  
Of feelings that thou dost unlock,  
Merry, voiceful cuckoo-clock.

ON USING AN ETRUSCAN VASE AS A  
DRINKING CUP.

---

TALK not to me of funeral rites, of dismal tombs of earth ;  
This form, these colours bright, declare this cup was made  
for mirth.

A health to all ! to living friends I pledge this goblet's  
flow ;  
And next, to those who smiled and wept three thousand  
years ago.

This relic brings their joys and griefs to mingle with our  
own,

Though fabling time for centuries on centuries has flown :  
I seem to see their marriage-feasts—the bridegroom and  
the maid ;

And new in earth with his crown of gold the warrior  
grandly laid.

I cast aside the historic page to listen to the voice  
That by this cup bids humankind in brotherhood rejoice.  
Then fill once more! to living friends I pledge this goblet's  
flow;  
And next, to friends who lived and died three thousand  
years ago.

1843.

ON THE TERRACE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

---

THE fair round moon sheds down her dewy light  
Upon this noble terrace, and reveals  
The long perspective of the balustrades  
With light and shade alternating ; o'erhead  
The sky is frosty, and Orion slants  
Athwart the level haze ; an eager air  
Comes freshening from the bosom of the Thames ;  
Against the granite wall the quick spring-tide  
Laps audibly, as though on living crags ;  
A barge that seems self-moved—a dusky shape—  
Glides onward, like a dream ; but with the dash  
Of the heavy plunging oar, that breaks the moon's  
Calm image to ten thousand luminous waves,  
And eddies, and bright points, I see her form  
From stem to stern ; the dark hull swims in light.  
Another soon will follow, for I hear  
The capstan's clink, and voice of one that weighs  
His anchor to old snatches of a song.

Yon bridge—those wondrous rows of pendent lamps—  
With the reflex beneath, recalls the dear  
And half-forgotten scenes of fairy-lore  
I conned in childhood ;—the strange symphony  
Of striking clocks, now near, and now far off,  
Now near again, is merged and whelmed at length  
In solemn globes of sound flung one by one  
From sovereign Paul's clock tower ;—the trumpet sounds  
From the far barrack at this hour of night  
With notes of peace and rest ;—from yon tall mill,  
Looming through river vapours spectrally,  
The engine throbs at lengthening intervals ;  
And all the cataract of human life,  
Maddening erewhile with fevered dissonance,  
Subdued to distant murmurings, breathes repose.  
And, as in revelations of a dream,  
I see an harmony pervading things  
Inanimate, and things that tell of life,  
With spirit pre-eminent o'er the manifold din  
That in the giddy whirl and glare of day  
The fair proportions of this imagery  
Deforms with harshness out of tune with love.

1843.

FROM THEOCRITUS

---

ONE day as roguish Cupid from  
A hive was stealing honey-comb,  
A bee, disturbed in his abode,  
Sharply stung the pilfering god.  
Cupid shrieked in baby fashion—  
    Sorely wept—and blew his fingers—  
Stamped on the ground in pretty passion :—  
    Near the hive no more he lingers,  
But flies away, and shews his grief  
To Venus. O 'twas past belief  
That little monster of a bee  
Could cause such horrid agony !

Venus his sorrows to beguile,  
    As he sat sobbing on her knee,

Said to him, with a rosy smile,  
“ You are yourself just like the bee.  
Have you forgot the thousand smarts  
You wreak on mortals with your darts ?  
The tiny insect stings, 'tis true ;  
And such another monster you !” (49)

1843.

THE VINE TO THE HE-GOAT.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

---

THOUGH you gnaw me to the root,  
He-goat, I again shall shoot,  
Bearing rich and hallowed fruit,  
To make the wine that shall be shed  
In libation o'er thy head,  
Victim at the altar's foot. (50)

1843.

## TO NEARCHUS.

## FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

---

WHEN dead and buried, Nearchus, lightly may the dust be  
strown above thee ;—  
So may the dogs and beasts of prey the readier from thy  
grave remove thee. (51)

1843.

THE OLIVE'S EXPOSTULATION WITH  
THE VINE.

## FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

---

I AM the tree beloved of Pallas ; bruise me not, thou clasping vine ;  
Away with all thy drunken clusters ; I am a maid — I  
touch not wine. (52)

1843.

CHARITY.

---

CHARITY droppeth as the honey-dew ; (53)  
The very soul of sweetness, it is true ;  
Yet honey palleth so on sense and touch,  
More than enough is reckoned far too much ;  
But Charity, if weighed out to a tittle,  
Less than a great deal, is by far too little.  
Thus, would you treat your fellows by the letter  
Of their deserts, discard the thought, — treat them much  
better.

AN INCIDENT IN A SCULPTURE GALLERY

---

As once within a stately hall  
Of sculpture musingly I wandered,  
Where shapes of Grecian mould, and all  
Sweet lines of gracefulness I pondered ;

Flitting through window or through door,  
A butterfly on pinions airy  
Came thither from her sunny bower,  
Like visitor from realms of fairy.

And who a feeling might repress  
Of wonder new and strange at seeing  
'Mongst things so still and colourless  
That animated gorgeous being ?

Nay, more ; with instinct free from doubt,  
And unfeigned love, already plighted,  
Her other self she singled out,  
And upon PSYCHE's statue lighted.

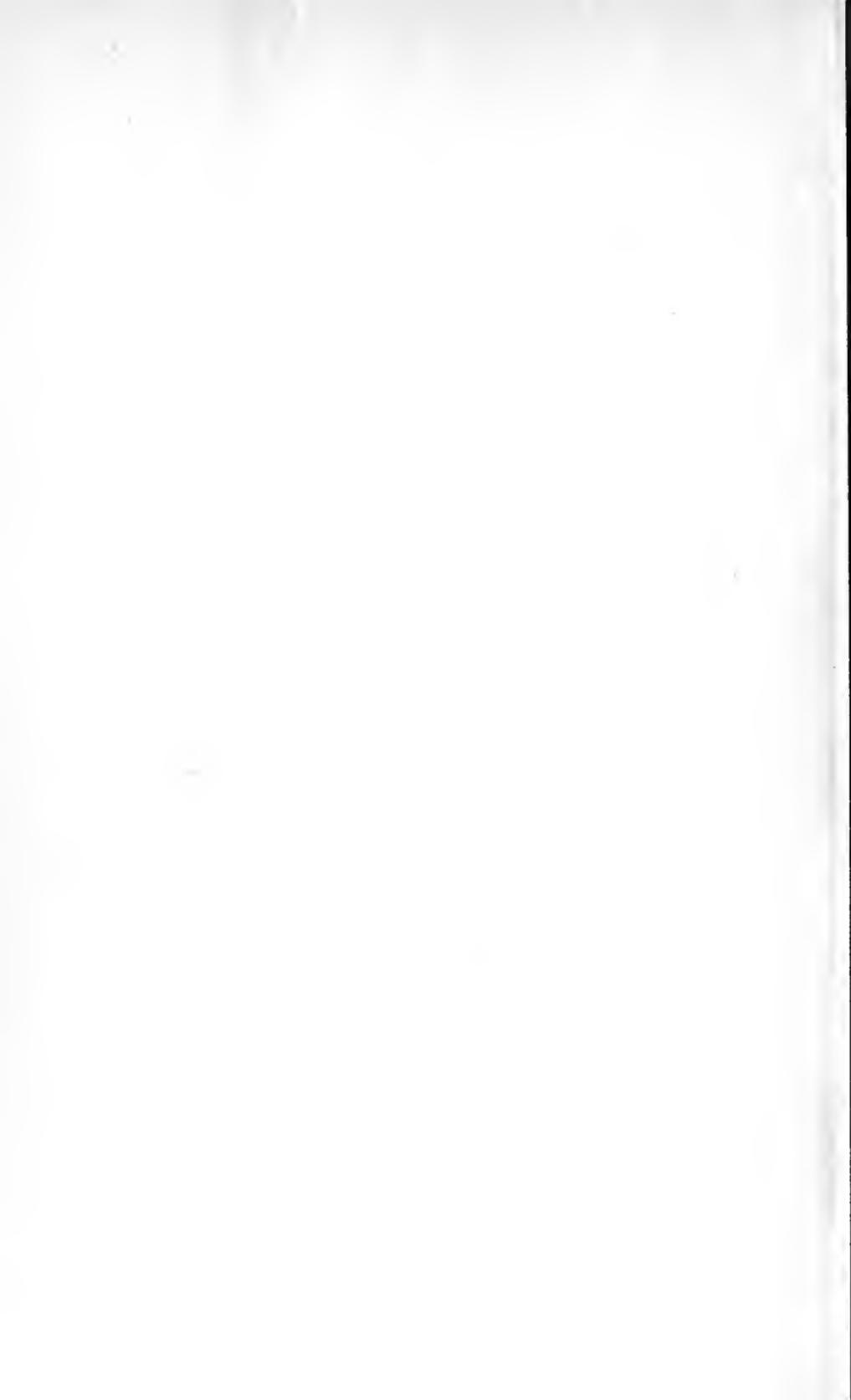
Let those who will contract their brows,  
And put their own interpretation,  
With barren saws of whys and hows,  
On that poetic visitation.

'T were best with self-collected mind  
To banish every crude conjecture,  
And take the moral that we find,  
Though but an insect read the lecture.

Mark thou the symbols and the grades  
By which soul-elevating Nature  
The coldness of these times upbraids  
In many an allegoric feature.

And in old age, and pride of youth,  
Do thou rejoice, whilst yet thou'rt able,  
To water in the soil of Truth  
The vine of world-encircling Fable.

ESTHER.  
A SACRED DRAMA.



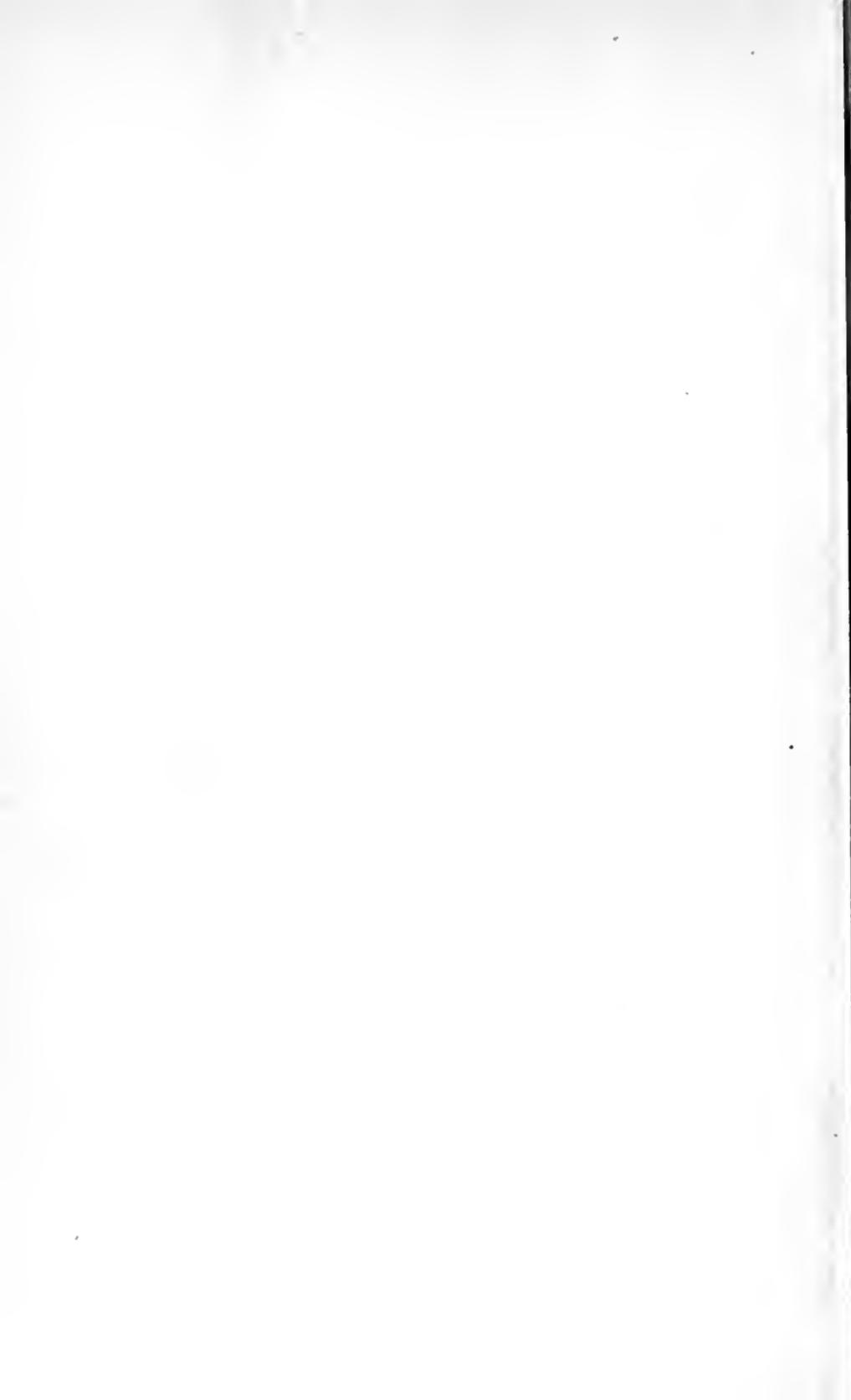
PREFACE.

---

THIS little drama was written in the year 1839 for the entertainment of the younger branches of a family ; not, it must be confessed, without some intention of encouraging their performance of it, in character, with a domestic circle for audience. The conduct of it is taken from the *ESTHER* of Racine ; the preface to which states that that play was written expressly for the pupils of the institution of Saint Cyr, and that it was privately performed by them. A few words and phrases have been taken from the book of *ESTHER* in the *OLD TESTAMENT*, and from the Apocryphal Book called, *THE REST OF THE CHAPTERS OF ESTHER*.

“ *SAINT CYR.*—This village, situated about three miles from Versailles, was long celebrated for an institution established by Louis XIV., under the title of the Royal Society of Saint Cyr, for the education of the female nobility. Its first abbess was the famous Madame de Maintenon, who there ended her days.”

*PLANTA's Paris.*



## CHARACTERS.

---

AHASUERUS .....	<i>King of Persia.</i>
HAMAN .....	<i>Favourite of AHASUERUS.</i>
MORDECAI .....	<i>Uncle to ESTHER.</i>
HYDASPES .....	<i>Officer of the Royal Palace.</i>
ASAPH .....	<i>Another Officer.</i>
ESTHER .....	<i>Queen of Persia.</i>
ELIZA .....	<i>Confidant of ESTHER.</i>

---

*Royal Guards, Attendants, &c.*

---

*The Scene lies at Susa, in the Palace of AHASUERUS.*



## ESTHER.

## PART I.

*The Queen's Apartment in the Royal Palace at Susa.* ESTHER  
*is discovered; to her enters ELIZA.*

ESTHER.

ELIZA, dearest!—Come, let me embrace thee!—  
 Beloved maid!—Six weary months and more  
 Have passed—six weary ages, since I first  
 Caused search be made for thee.

ELIZA.

I long have lived  
 Alone and sorrowing, for I thought thee dead.  
 But of the cruel tidings disabused  
 With joy I took the nearest road to Susa;  
 And, having gained by stealth admission here,  
 I clasp once more my Esther to my bosom;  
 Esther—a wife and queen—no Jewish captive.  
 Tell me what secret linking of events  
 Brought this to pass?

## ESTHER.

You must have heard the tale  
Of the haughty Vashti, and of her disgrace,  
And consequent expulsion from the throne  
And royal bed of Persia : 'tis a history  
That shews she was a lady of noble nature,  
Though now before the king she comes no more.  
But in the king's own breast the void was felt ;  
And messengers of trust were straight despatched,  
Throughout the various realms that lie between  
The Indies and the Hellespont, to find  
Fresh objects whereupon to feed his flame.  
Bereaved in infancy of both my parents,  
I was brought up in pensive solitude  
Under the vigilant eye of Mordecai.  
He, ever mindful of his country's woes,  
Yet buoyed up with a salient spirit of hope,  
By opportunity emboldened, led  
Me forth, and built up projects on my weakness.  
'Twas he that bade me venture for a throne :  
And with the beauties of a thousand climes,  
Arrayed in maiden bashfulness, I stood  
Before the monarch. The monarch graciously  
Beheld, and raised me to this high estate :

A little fountain has become a river.\*  
But, oh ! whilst Esther is in purple clad,  
And casts her sceptre's shadow o'er half the world,  
Godlike Jerusalem in ruins lies.  
Rank weeds and waving grass defile her walls,  
And reptiles gender in her palaces ;  
Her temple's stones are scattered far and wide ;  
No place is left for God's high festivals.

ELIZA.

Have you not told your sorrows to the king ?

ESTHER.

The king my race and birth-place knows not yet.  
One, under heaven, who rules my destiny,  
On this particular enjoins my silence.

ELIZA.

Who ? Mordecai ? Can he have access here ?

ESTHER.

The guard is strict, yet friendship finds the means.  
Even in his absence I secure his counsel.  
'Twas he conveyed to me the intelligence  
Of the conspiracy against the king ;  
Which to the royal ear I straight repeated.

\* See the REST OF THE CHAPTERS OF ESTHER in the *Apocrypha*, CHAP. x. 6.

*Enter MORDECAI in sackcloth, &c.*

What bold intrusion is this? — audacious stranger! —

*(After a pause.)*

What do I see? — My uncle Mordecai? —

Oh! whence this garb of woe — this frightful sack-cloth —

These ashes strewed upon thy reverend head? —

Speak to us, Mordecai! —

MORDECAI.

Unhappy queen,

Tongue may not utter, heart may not conceive

The things I have to tell.

Read, if thou canst, this detestable warrant,

The barbarous sentence of an innocent people! —

We are all lost, and Israel is undone.

ESTHER.

Just Heaven! My blood is curdled in my veins! —

MORDECAI.

Death and extermination to the Jews

They cry in every quarter of the city.

Yes! we are sold by the blood-thirsty Haman.

Haman, the impious, the Amalekite,

Reserves his strength to strike this fatal blow;

And the too credulous king has signed the warrant

With form and circumstance — the time too fixed —

Within ten days the Jews are doomed to die;  
'Tis thus the fatal proclamation runs.  
Who next is to be murdered God he knows;  
Strange things are toward. Thou, Esther, art not safe.

ESTHER.

Wilt thou, O God, withhold thy thunder now?

MORDECAI.

Yet hear me, Esther; in this cruel juncture  
Let us not faint, nor childishly cast down  
Provoke our fate for lack of self-possession.  
Time presses—hours are precious—go, my child,  
Reveal unto the king thy husband all  
Thy heart, declare thy birth-place and thy country.  
He loves thee, and since love is over all,  
The safety of thy people rests with thee.

ESTHER.

Too well thou knowest the law's severity  
That bars all access to the royal presence.  
They who are summoned enter, none besides.  
I dare not—such temerity were death.

MORDECAI.

Remember, it were death to falter now.  
But would'st thou, Esther, poise thy grain of life  
Against the weightier interests of thy country?

Bethink thee of the glories of thy race—  
A generation “ordered and prescribed  
As of a people separate to God,  
Designed for great exploits :”\* and these our foes,  
Rising in arms against Almighty power,  
And chafing in their ire like beasts of prey,  
Lean but on broken reeds—twist ropes of sand—  
Do all that madness and presumption dare—  
But this thou knowest.

## ESTHER.

Else had I little learned  
From my beloved preceptor.

## MORDECAI.

Know, in brief,  
Our enemy is Haman, not the king.  
God in his right hand holds the hearts of kings,  
And mercy is his holiest attribute.  
Go then in confidence, if not in joy ;  
Speak for thyself, thy countrymen, and me.  
So shall thy woman’s weakness, turned to might,  
Put Haman and his wiles to open shame.

\* The words between commas are from MILTON’s *Sampson Agonistes*.

## ESTHER.

Do thou then with the Jews who dwell in Susa  
Remain three days in fasting and in prayer,  
And with them in thy prayers remember me ;  
And with my maidens I will do the like.  
See, how the shades of night have fallen upon us !  
I with to-morrow's dawn will seek the king,  
And open all my soul. Heaven, save my country !  
Judah, if now I die, I die for thee !\*

\* See Book of ESTHER, iv. 16.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

## PART II.

## SCENE I.

*Another part of the Palace.*

---

*Enter HAMAN and HYDASPES.*

HAMAN.

Would'st thou instruct me in some pregnant secret ?

HYDASPES.

Last night our royal master took no rest :  
 'Tis said his sleep by frightful dreams was scared :  
 He muttered something of domestic foes  
 In broken speech, then called the queen by name :  
 And now to soothe the transports of his spirit  
 By visions all too lively sore perplexed,  
 He to our written annals lends his ear,  
 Which Asaph at his bed-side reads aloud.

HAMAN.

What period of our history ?

HYDASPES.

His own reign.

HAMAN (*after a pause*).

Hydaspes, thinkest thou this dream of import?

HYDASPES.

I know not; but the wise men of Chaldea  
This day are summoned to interpret it.

(*After a pause.*)

Why looks my lord so heavily to-day?

HAMAN.

Knowest thou the hated name of Mordecai?

HYDASPES.

The Jew?

HAMAN.

The same.

HYDASPES.

How can he trouble thee?

HAMAN.

'Tis this accurst seditious Jew alone  
Who stands erect when Susa bows before me.  
There at the palace gates he ever sits;  
His odious visage meets me as I pass,  
And in my dreams by night afflicts me still.  
This morn I found him in a garb of woe,

In dust and ashes ; yet he stood not up,  
 Moved not for me, and with a steadfast eye  
 Returned me gaze for gaze, and scorn for scorn.  
 Can such as he have friends within the palace ?  
 What makes he here ?

## HYDASPES.

My lord, it was this Jew's intelligence  
 Laid the plot open when those foul miscreants,  
 Bigthan and Teresh, would have slain the king.\*

## HAMAN.

So that report was true ?  
 But 'twas a jugglē—a low artifice.  
 I, that have toiled, and risen from slavery,  
 Rich in my children, and my troops of friends,  
 My houses, treasures, and my equipage,  
 Endowed with all things save the diadem,  
 Am daily, hourly, tortured by this Jew !  
 All, all, grows tasteless and insipid whilst  
 The same sun shines on me and Mordecai.

## HYDASPES.

He is proscribed ; ten days will set you free.

\* Called BIGTHAN and TERESH, ESTHER, ii. 21. Called GABATHA and THARRA, rest of xii. 1. in the *Apocrypha*.

## HAMAN.

Oh ! 'tis an age till then !  
This man draws down my wrath upon his race.  
I am descended from the Amalekites  
By Israel's armies slaughtered savagely,  
And therefore well might nourish thoughts of vengeance.  
But I am weary of buffeting with the world ;  
The ties of blood are snapt and withered in me ;  
My own advancement now is all my care ;  
And here the stumbling-block is Mordecai.  
He is a viper in my path—a fiend that dogs me.  
Forearmed with eloquence that best might suit  
My private purposes, I sought the king.  
With heightened colourings of calumny  
I said the Jews were rich ; withal, seditious ;  
Though scattered wide, still ready to conspire ;  
Tainted with a strange worship and strange laws.  
And thus I wrought upon his jealousy  
By fabled threatenings of his crown and life.  
Into my hands he put the royal seal,  
Bade me consult his safety, and my own,  
By wholesale slaughter of the proscribed Jews.  
Yet for this slave—this Mordecai—to live  
Ten days is insupportable delay.

## HYDASPES.

Talk not of that ; let the ten days be hours ;  
 'Twere no great matter, under royal warrant,  
 To take immediate order for his death.

## HAMAN.

I must await a favourable moment :  
 The wary only can with safety brave  
 The transports and caprices of the king.  
 Nor would I throw away a royal boon  
 Upon so vile a thing as Mordecai.

## HYDASPES.

Why dally then ? go raise a gibbet up——

HAMAN (*breaking off suddenly*).

I hear a noise——farewell——but if the king——

## HYDASPES.

Rely on me.

[*Exit HAMAN.*

*Enter AHASUERUS, ASAPH, Attendants, &c.*

AHASUERUS (*to ASAPH*).

So then, without the service  
 So well and truly rendered by a stranger,  
 Two miscreants would have practised on our life,  
 And slain us here in Susa. (*He muses awhile.*)  
 Let Asaph now remain with me alone.

[*Exeunt HYDASPES, &c.*

I trust his loyalty was well rewarded ?

ASAPH.

My liege, I understood that much was promised.

AHASUERUS.

Alas ! environed by the cares of empire  
A prince is ever drawn from what is past,  
Plunged in the present, anxious for the future.  
Is there no one to speak a word in season  
For merit patient of neglect and wrong ?  
Rather let crime go free, and so perchance  
Repent, than let good actions lie forgotten.  
Is my preserver living ?

ASAPH.

Sire, he lives,  
And daily sits beside the palace gates  
Content in poverty.

AHASUERUS.

His name ?

ASAPH.

Is Mordecai.

AHASUERUS.

His country ?

ASAPH.

If it please you, my dread lord,  
He is a Jewish captive, doomed to die.

AHASUERUS.

A Jewish captive!—did then in Susa here  
 A Jew preserve me from a Persian's treason?  
 Ho! guards, who waits without and keeps the door?

*Enter HYDASPES.*

HYDASPES.

Haman, my liege, attends since break of day.

AHASUERUS.

Conduct him hither. [Exit HYDASPES.]

*Enter HAMAN (obsequiously).*

Haman, approach; thou of thy master's throne  
 Art still the stay, art first in his esteem.  
 My heart is sorely charged with self-reproach:  
 Thy word is truth; I know thee, and thy zeal  
 Unwearied ever in thy king's behalf;  
 Therefore I ask thee, *what things shall be done*  
*Unto the man whom his king loves to honour?*

HAMAN (*aside*).

The time is come; speak, Haman, for thyself.

AHASUERUS.

What sayest thou?

HAMAN (*after a pause*).

My liege, in vain I think  
 Upon the usages of former kings.

Thou art the best example for thyself,  
 As thou shalt be to all posterity.  
 But 'twere ungracious in me not to speak.  
 Whoe'er he be, let then this favoured mortal  
 Before the assembled multitudes of Susa  
 This day go vested in the royal purple ;  
 The diadem on his brow ; he mounted on  
 A royal steed in full caparison.  
 Nay, more ; let one of Susa's mightiest lords,  
 Himself on foot, conduct him through the city,  
 And cry before him, "*thus shall it be done*  
*Unto the man whom his king loves to honour.*"

## AHASUERUS.

'Tis well and wisely spoken—lose no time—  
 See thou thyself to each particular.  
 Close to the palace gates sits Mordecai,  
 To whom this high distinction I award :  
 Walk thou before him, and conduct his progress.

(HAMAN *hesitates.*)

Away—about it !

HAMAN (*aside*).

Gods ! what may this mean ?

[*Exit HAMAN followed by HYDASPES.*

AHASUERUS (*alone*).

Yes ! for a Jew it is a vast reward,  
 Yet to the service scarcely disproportioned ;  
 And herein lies my safest policy.  
 How now ? who enters here without a summons ?  
 Ho ! guards !

*Enter ESTHER agitated, attended by her women.*

What, Esther ?

ESTHER (*to her women*).

Help me, or I faint.

AHASUERUS.

Great Gods ! how pale and fearfully she looks !  
 Esther, fear nothing ; am I not your husband ?  
 Look up—revive—and touch this golden sceptre,  
 The pledge of royal mercy and of love.

ESTHER.

Thanks for these gracious words,—I breathe again.

AHASUERUS.

Once more, collect thyself.

ESTHER.

My gracious lord,  
 I ne'er could steadfastly endure thy gaze,  
 Though radiant with benignity and love :

Judge then my fears when anger darkened there.

But since ——

AHASUERUS.

Now, by this light, I cannot bear  
To leave her in this sore perplexity.  
Esther, arise ; once more, cast fear away :  
Know, thou hast touched me, and my heart is thine.

ESTHER.

Can then the mightiest monarch upon earth  
Turn on his slave an eye of mild regard ?

AHASUERUS.

Believe me, Esther, that imperfect joys  
Attend the pomp and circumstance of empire :  
But there is dignity about thee, fraught  
With innocence and peace, a nameless grace  
I ne'er beheld in woman until now.

Thou hast a boon to ask—I know thou hast—  
Even now thine eyes turn heaven-ward whilst I speak ;  
Now by my crown, by the honour of my throne,  
Whate'er it be, thy suit shall not miscarry.

ESTHER.

Let me then speak, thus graciously assured.  
I would implore this favour above all,  
To entertain my lord at my own table.

Let Haman too be bidden as a guest.

I need his presence, and must speak before him.

AHASUERUS.

Esther, in this I will be ruled by thee.

(*To his Attendants.*)

Go straight to Haman ; let him be informed

Esther the queen has bidden him to table.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF PART II.

## PART III.

## SCENE I.

*Another part of the Palace.*

---

HAMAN (*alone*).

'Tis madness—torture—shame for evermore—  
A villain Jew, the outcast of mankind,  
Put on the purple—I his chamberlain !  
He gloried—yes—in my discomfiture.—  
And the ungrateful populace, who saw  
My tears that fell perforce in my confusion,  
With jeers and savage mocks presaged my fall.  
Are these the pastimes worthy of a king ?  
Has he allured me with perfidious kindness,  
And marshalled me to glorious eminence,  
To leave me thus ?

*Enter HYDASPEs.*

How now !—Hydaspe here ?

## HYDASPES.

A hasty messenger, my lord, I come  
To say thou art bidden to the queen's own table,  
To sit at meat with her and with the king.

## HAMAN.

Say, in a word, will Mordecai be there ?

## HYDASPES.

Still on this hateful Jew ? leave him to boast  
His paltry triumph to his proscribed friends ;  
Think him a recognised victim—nothing more—  
Adorned already for the sacrifice.

The soothsayers have departed, and have spoken  
Of foreign machinations that assail  
The honour of the queen ; nay, seek her life.  
The king, who cannot fix upon the culprit,  
Imputes the mischief to the proscribed Jews.  
Clear then that dark tempestuous brow ; the banquet  
Waits thee ; and believe me when I say  
The sun of Haman's fortune is not set.  
Unless I err, much is in store for thee.

## HAMAN.

Could I but think it true I yet might prosper.

## HYDASPES.

The king approaches—hark !—the music—come. [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Banquet in the Apartments of ESTHER.*

---

AHASUERUS and ESTHER, at Table. Attendants, &c. To  
them enters HAMAN.

AHASUERUS (*to ESTHER*).

Esther, such is the charm of thy discourse,  
Such thy surpassing grace of modesty,  
I fain would gratify, to prove my love,  
Thine utmost wish : fear not to make it known :  
To the half of the kingdom it shall be performed.

ESTHER.

My lord, I court thy favour, not advancement.  
But let me proffer thus my soul's petition—

(*She falls at the king's feet.*)

O king, if I have found favour in thy sight,  
Grant me my people's lives—grant me mine own,  
For they are forfeited by thy decree.

AHASUERUS.

Thy people's lives !—thine too !—'tis mystery all.

HAMAN (*aside*).

I tremble—

ESTHER (*to AHASUERUS*).

Esther's father was a Jew!

HAMAN (*aside*).

Great Gods!—

AHASUERUS.

Esther a Jewess!—Esther of impure race!

ESTHER.

Reject my prayer, but hear me, mighty king,  
And above all let Haman hold his peace.

AHASUERUS.

Speak, Esther.

ESTHER.

Vainly should I now detail  
The pitiful calamities of our race,  
And vainly boast its sometime princely state.  
So ill 'twere suited to the time and place.  
But when we saw thee mount the throne of Persia  
Our hearts were lightened of a grievous burden;  
For far and wide thy goodness was extolled,  
And weakness claimed protection, and 'twas granted.  
How was that stream of public good defiled!  
A stranger of Amalekite descent,

By subtilties, and indirect crook'd ways,  
Risen into favour with a gracious king,  
Came hither to blow up distress and wrong.  
He hostile to thine honour and the crown——

HAMAN (*interrupting her*).

I hostile to the crown ! believe it not !

I that have but one object——

AHASUERUS (*interrupting him*).

Silence, Haman.

ESTHER (*to Haman*).

Out of thy mouth, I judge thee, wicked one :  
Thy coward conscience knew I spake of thee.

(*To AHASUERUS.*)

There stands the man, thy sometime favourite;  
This is the faithless and blood-thirsty stranger  
Who, with a show of zeal, and craft dissembled,  
Against our innocence would arm thy goodness ;  
Haman, a stranger, not of Persian blood,  
But as a stranger honoured, and received  
With dignity of welcome and with love.

Oh ! whence this hatred to the Jewish race ?  
This dreadful edict that includes us all ?  
Never were slaves more patient of the yoke ;  
Even in our chains we bowed to chastisement,

And prayed that God might grant thee length of days,  
 And keep thee in the shadow of His wings ;  
 Nor vainly prayed, though lowly was the prayer.  
 Witness that God, designing to confound  
 The murderous attack upon thy life,  
 Revealed it to a Jew—my uncle, Mordecai.

## AHASUERUS.

Thine uncle ?

## ESTHER.

Yes ; my father was his brother ;  
 Yet vainly was he exalted by thy favour.  
 At Haman's door already stands prepared  
 The instrument of death—the fatal gallows :  
 Within an hour the venerable man  
 Sentenced by Haman must thereon be hanged,  
 And with the royal purple yet about him.

## AHASUERUS.

O day of wrath and horror ! Was I then  
 His go-between ?—his puppet ?—Aid me, Heaven,  
 To sift the truth. Bring Mordecai before us ;  
 He must be heard ;—meantime let none approach me.

[*Exit AHASUERUS.*

HAMAN (*to ESTHER*).

I am thunderstruck ! Believe me, mighty queen,

And solemnly I swear it, my design  
Had but in view the safety of the throne.  
Honoured and blessed be for evermore  
The Jewish race that gave us such a queen.  
What more will satisfy thee?

ESTHER (*with dignity*).

Traitor, leave me ;  
A queen asks nothing of a wretch like thee.

HAMAN (*aside*).

I read my sentence in those kindling eyes—  
This then alone remains—

(*Throwing himself at ESTHER's feet.*)

Deign, mighty queen,  
Deign for a fallen man to intercede :  
Oh ! by the king's own head—thy gracious self—  
By honoured Mordecai—thus at thy knees—

*Re-enter AHASUERUS.*

AHASUERUS.

What ! would the traitor lay his hands on thee ?—  
Ah ! now I catch the meaning of the oracle !  
His troubled aspect too confirms thy tale !  
We will not long detain his guilty soul :  
Instead of Mordecai, on his own gibbet  
Let him be hanged ! No struggles—lead him out.

(HAMAN *is led out guarded, with his face covered.*)

*Enter MORDECAI.*

Approach, good Mordecai ! — Thy prince's ear  
No longer is beleaguered, and abused  
By subtle flatteries, and evil counsel,  
That causes many in authority  
To be partakers in the innocent blood.  
The sluggish film is from his eyes removed,  
And virtue's shape is now beheld aright.  
On thee this traitor's riches I bestow,  
And with his power endow thee — use it well :  
I for thy sake the Jews emancipate  
From slavery, and to their hands commit their foes  
Who set upon them in their hour of woe ;  
And throughout Persia I confirm their rights.  
Let your young men and maidens all assemble  
In festal garments, and with choral song,  
To ratify this glad solemnity,  
And yearly do the like ; it shall be shewn  
The God of Esther is in Persia known.

[*Exeunt.*

## OLD MASTER NASH OF WINDRUSH.

---

A **SHEPHERD** for eighty long summers and winters,  
He followed his trade, without stirring adventures,  
On the ridge of the wild windy Cotswold, alone  
With his dog, and his flock, and the grey walls of stone.

Overburden'd with well-nigh a century's weight,  
Marvel not that he stoops, that he totters in gait ;  
But old age holds his senses so little in thrall,  
You would scarce think him acting the last scene of all.

Snow-white is his hair, and the hues of his cheek  
Long acquaintance with rain, dews, and sunshine, bespeak ;  
Still, though now for a crutch he abandons his crook,  
He's at yeaning-time called to advise and o'erlook.

And when merry May-time is kissing with June,  
At the feast of sheep-shearing he loves to make one ;  
Where the bleating, and mirth, and the clapping of shears,  
Like the sweetest of music resounds in his ears.

And when Whitsuntide comes with a morrising measure,  
To the bells, pipe, and tabor, his heart leaps with pleasure ;  
A brief sparkle relumed of his manhood's gay fires  
Stirs his limbs, as though shot through electrical wires.

He cannot be idle : sometimes with his neighbours  
He fares forth, like a child, to promiscuous labours ;  
But for all he can do, though he rallies his powers,  
He might just as well sit in the sun for three hours.

The poor of the village in turn may repair  
To the house of the Vicar, his bounty to share ;  
But he comes and he goes when he lists ; it were sorrow  
And shame to put off the old man with "to-morrow."

May he peacefully breathe his last breath ! He shall  
sleep  
Where the fresh grassy hillocks lie couching like sheep,  
And the south wind that woos the wild flowers of the  
spring  
Comes with early perfume and repose on its wing.

## ASTHALL, OXFORDSHIRE.

## A SKETCH.

---

IN early summer when the meadow grass  
Was ripening, and no one that way might pass,  
By lanes and open pastures I drew nigh  
Unto a village that aslope did lie  
Upon the north side of a vale : below,  
Through water-meads I saw the Windrush flow.  
Beyond, where'er the undulating wolds  
Uprose to meet the sky, the distant folds  
Were gemmed with fleeces. Thence I turned my horse  
Down a rough road — half road, half watercourse —  
Towards a spacious farm, with gables quaint,  
And here and there a Gothic ornament,  
Tinted with lichens and soft weather-stains ;  
Of some monastic pile the sole remains.  
And all about the homestead glistened bright,  
Thorns blossoming in masses, red and white ;  
And cones of chestnut-flower in bold relief  
Displayed against the fans of dark green leaf.

And underneath, the kine, with twinkling tails,  
Lashing the viewless flies, waited the evening milking  
pails.\*

Alighting at the church, I took my way  
Through the encincture where the gravestones lay  
Unshadowed in the cheering eye of day,  
To where the sacred doors of carven wood  
Beneath the Saxon porch wide open stood.  
My feet one moment on the threshold hung ;  
Then on the pavement and sepulchral brasses rung,  
As down the aisle, in mood subdued, I went  
Slowly from monument to monument.  
The circulating air flowed cool and free :  
And o'er the solitude a melody  
Stole from a tomb within a gilded rail,  
Whereon a warrior lay in complete mail,  
Sculptured in stone, for on that form supine  
A redbreast perched, and trilled a note divine.  
Even such was Asthall. I can ne'er forget  
The quiet of a scene I quitted with regret.

\* For lines of this length admitted into heroic metre see WORDSWORTH's Fourth *Evening Voluntary*, his *Love lies Bleeding*; DRYDEN's *Aeneid*, book iv. l. 271, and his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, in two places. See page 4 of this volume.

MAURICE AND GENEVIEVE. (54.)

---

At Artenay, upon the plains of Beance,  
Dwelt the orphan twins, Maurice and Genevieve.  
Poor were they from their birth, and rural toil  
Supplied their daily bread: yet both were young,  
And strong, and healthy; and their spirit rose  
Above the surface of calamity,  
Buoyed up by hope, and gaiety of heart,  
Which in their nation oftentimes takes the hue  
Of loftiest virtue. So the orphans clave  
To one another, and swift years rolled by.

It was the busy day of harvest-home;  
And Maurice with his fellows fared afield,  
Foremost to gather in the rustling sheaves.  
Their hearts were willing, but their bodily frames  
Fainted with toil: a dull, unnatural sense  
Of hot imprisonment, and ponderous gloom,  
Hung o'er the flagging spirits like a pall.

Low flew the raven through the steaming haze  
With croaking note : anon the sullen rain,  
Like molten lead upon beleaguering hosts,  
Dropped heavy from the portals of the sky,  
And the upgathering thunder muttered round.  
Yet the men plied their tasks : till right o'erhead  
The forkèd lightnings in a body streamed,  
With flakes of fire that ran along the ground —  
One crash of stunning light : — a cry was heard —  
And momentary blindness fell on all.  
Recovering one by one, they spoke — they gazed —  
But saw not Maurice : him they found at length  
Senseless among the sheaves, blackened and scathed  
By lightning. Sore amazement fell on all ;  
And the men rose, and bore him to his home,  
And wept around him, for they loved him well.

But how describe the grief of Genevieve !  
There lay her stay, her guide, her love, her life,  
Her other self. She fell upon his couch,  
And called on Maurice. The night wore away,  
And the next day and night ; but hope was none,  
Save in the downy feather placed before  
His lips, that with his breath was idly stirred ;

And in his feeble inarticulate moans,  
And some few precious words of wandering speech.

Weeks passed away, nor would the sister leave  
Her brother's couch, though sorely pressed by need,  
And wasted by unrest. The neighbours took  
Compassion on the twins, and gave them food :  
And Maurice grew at length to know his friends  
And Genevieve ; but rose not from his bed ;  
For either epileptic pangs convulsed  
His limbs, or down they dropped, lank, powerless ;  
And restoration hung not on the kiss  
Of Genevieve. Still the kind neighbours came,  
To weep around him, for they loved him well.

Months passed, with little change ; and it was said,  
Though reason and perception were restored,  
Maurice must go a cripple to his grave.  
But in the secret soul of Genevieve  
Heroic thoughts arose, with feelings 'kin  
To gladsome inspiration. She had heard  
A wounded veteran, that to his home returned,  
With fervency of thankful speech proclaim  
The healing virtues of the ocean wave.

Thus Genevieve was fed on liveliest hope.  
She thought upon the sea by night and day  
As of some mighty fountain of relief  
Where Maurice should be healed, and all be well.  
Her high resolve she took. She fashioned straight,  
With the assistance of the villagers,  
Who bade God speed the work, no “ bauble coach,”\*  
But, for stern service meet, a car of wood  
For Maurice; and they fitted it with wheels;  
And daily him therein at eve she drew  
(Her work of love when other work was done)  
From the sick room to “ choice of sun or shade,”†  
With ministerings of tender looks and words,  
Like a young mother with her nursling child.

”T was the eve before their birth-day, and the twins  
(He in his wooden car, she by its side)  
Were sitting in the shadow of a vine,  
When Genevieve thus spake, “ The sun that sets  
To-night, dear Maurice, will to-morrow rise,  
I trust, in splendour, and our guardian saint  
Look down benignly on us. Hear me, brother;

\* Cowper.

† Milton.

To-morrow's dawn shall see us on the road  
Towards the sea-coast :— nay, nay, 't is all arranged :—  
Some gold I have will feed us on our way ;  
And I will draw thee thither in this car.  
Sum up in one the excursions we have made  
Already, and their distance would exceed  
That which we shall perform. My soul is bent  
Upon the trial ; fear not the result ;  
For even were I not inured to toil,  
What is it that I would not bear for thee ? ”  
And Maurice heard ; and faltered forth, “ The will  
Of God be done ! ” So the twins kissed each other :  
And Genevieve turned homewards with her freight  
With lively steps. There preparation brief  
Was made, and day-break saw them on their way.

Wide are the plains of France ; long the ascents ;  
Houseless and large the prospects ; wearisome  
The highway avenues for many a league.  
Yet what were these to Genevieve ? Her heart  
Was fixed ; and oftentimes she laughed and sang,  
In triumph of the unconquerable will,  
To hide from Maurice her exceeding toil.  
Nor passed the twins unnoticed. The rude swain

Paused at his work to bless them ; even the loud  
Postilion on the pavé raised his hat ;  
The charitable sisters by the skirts  
Of towns and villages, and the spare priest,  
Devoutly questioned them, with hands upraised  
In solemn benediction. Genevieve  
Laid all these things to heart. Kind sheltering roofs  
They found, but slept beneath the open sky  
Not seldom, and with day-break journeyed on,  
Drenched with cold dews ; then noon-tide's burning ray  
Enforced repose ; sometimes the pitiless rain  
O'ertook them on blank wastes ; and once a crew  
Of miscreants, but for succour interposed,  
Would have maltreated Genevieve. They found  
(As ever is the lot of wayfarers,)  
Hardship with kindness mixed ; but virtue still  
The rule, and vice the exception. Thus they fared  
Five weeks and more, until before them rose  
Fair Boulogne, and beyond the sparkling sea.

How oft the end for which we long have striven  
Comes to us unawares, with something like  
Bewilderment !—'t was thus with Genevieve.  
Then first her footsteps faltered when she saw

The moving ocean ; and her eyesight swam,  
Crossed by a vision of Bethesda's pool  
Vexed by an Angel for the lame man's cure ;  
With floating pictures of her native fields  
Of wavy corn, in strange confusion joined.  
By the way-side she sat, and hid her face ;  
And Maurice lifted up his voice and wept.  
Enough : the remedy that day was tried,  
Ere they retired to rest.

Their story soon  
Made eloquent the common mouth ; it grew  
A landward and a seaward theme of praise :  
And mothers to their children lovingly  
Each morning on the sea-beach pointed out  
The twins of Beauce : gifts were showered down on them  
On all sides : even the rugged fisherman  
Contributed his mite, and from his nets  
Brought cheerful offering : very idlers gazed  
With sympathy. But why prolong the tale ?  
Maurice in time was cured ; and Genevieve  
Was happiest of the happy. He would leap,  
And walk, and run, to please her, while she clapped  
Her hands in ecstasy. And when the time

Drew nigh for their departure, there was made  
A fête for Genevieve : and she was crowned  
With roses, seated in the wooden car ;  
A car of triumph now with ribbons gay ;  
And Maurice drew her through applauding crowds  
Unto a festal bower — the simple girl —  
Whose piety and resolution won  
The suffrage of all hearts, and left to fame  
The names of Maurice and of Genevieve.

THE CHILD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

---

THE Child looked up beneath the stars,  
And said, " I see the skies  
Are full of holes—the light shines through—  
Beyond is Paradise."

The grown-up Sage with optic tube  
Looked on the glorious sun,  
And fixed upon a dusky spot,  
Though but a little one,

And said, " I see beyond the light,  
Some cold and dark obstruction."  
Which of the two, dear friend, think you,  
Conveyed the most instruction ?

## SONNET.

## ON THE PAINTINGS OF TURNER.

---

**G**REAT Poet of the pencil ! Thou wert born  
With power to see into the soul of things ;  
And dowered with an intellectual scorn  
Of slavish detail. For imaginings  
Sublimed from Nature thanks are due to thee ;  
We gaze on thy creations, and are free  
To scale the heights of unattempted art.  
The tones that to the mind thou dost impart  
Are silent never : they respond by night  
In still pulsation to the slumbering light ;  
Then vibrate to the colourings of the mist,  
When morning is empurpleing sky and land  
And ocean ; and the breadth of gleaming sand  
Is glassing dream-like shores, with level dayspring kissed.

PAINS AND PLEASURES.

---

FROM things around 'tis good to borrow  
Types of joy and types of sorrow.  
Would'st thou shun misfortune's shocks,  
    Few, in sooth, and far between,  
Yet such as may, like sunken rocks,  
    Whelm thee in perils unforeseen ?  
Let experience write a caution  
On the chart of memory's ocean.

Whilst fools for massive ingots pine,  
Make thou all precious atoms thine.  
Time—a stream with sands of gold—  
    Flows towards Eternity ;  
Of the rich grains thither rolled  
    Let thy goblet fashioned be ;

Pour therein a cheerful measure  
Of the wine of blameless pleasure.

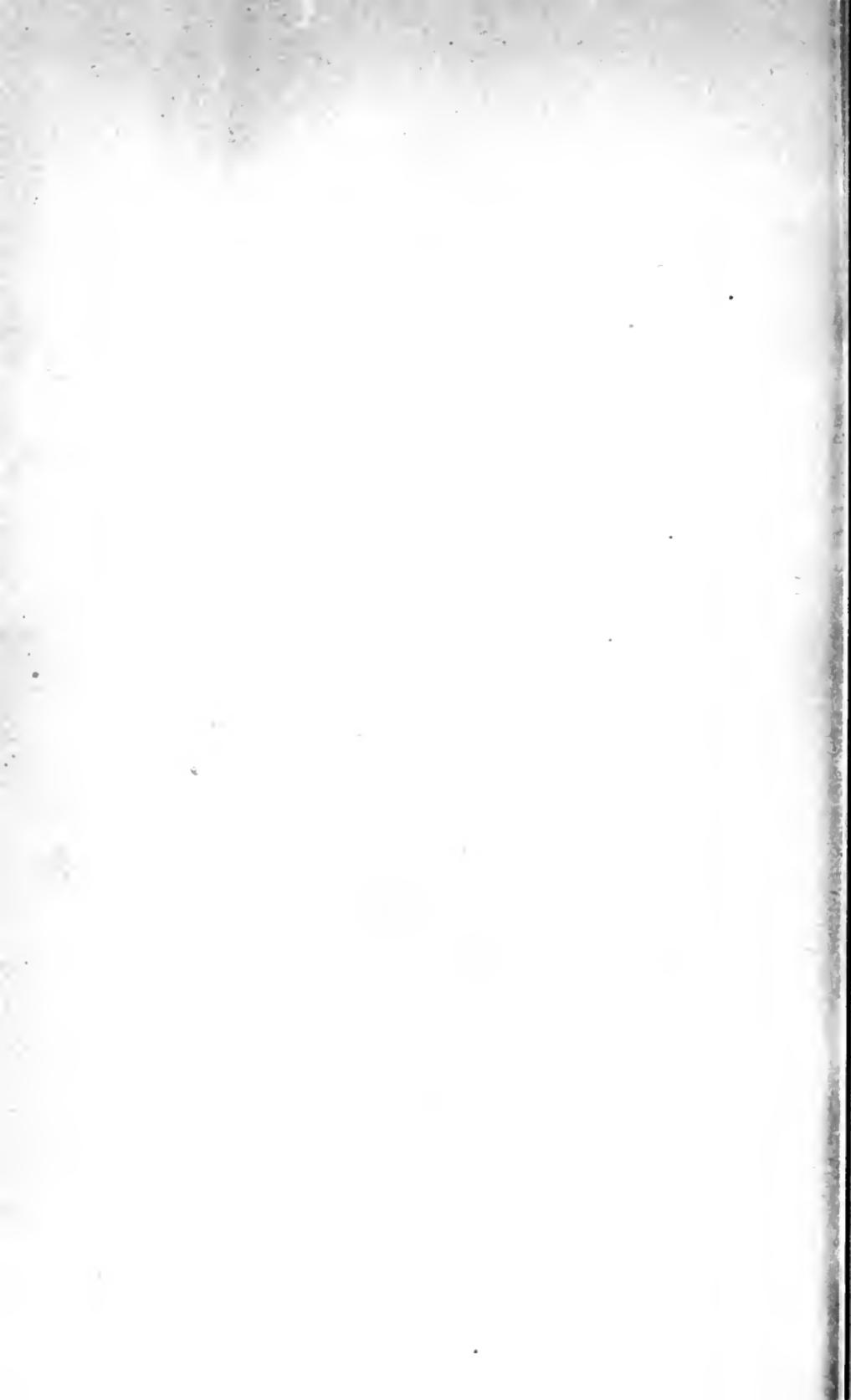
Wouldst thou fragrant hopes embosom ?  
Blossom intertwine with blossom ;  
Here a little, there a little,  
Culling in the thymy mead ;  
Stoop unwearied ; spare no tittle  
Of their sweetness ; some must fade  
Ere sunset : thus shall many a flower  
For many a day adorn thy bower.

Images, or grave or gay,  
Wouldst thou sit and summon ? They  
Come not to you : you must follow  
Nature's soft mysterious call  
O'er the plain and down the hollow ;  
You must seek the waterfall,  
And the solemn pool that glasses  
The o'erbending forms of reeds and grasses.

Thus, in this world of smooth and rough  
Evil may be warded off :

And o'er a not inglorious issue  
Mortals hold a certain sway,  
If in one enduring tissue  
They weave all good things day by day.  
Happiness shall woo the wooer  
Who will step by step pursue her.

1843.



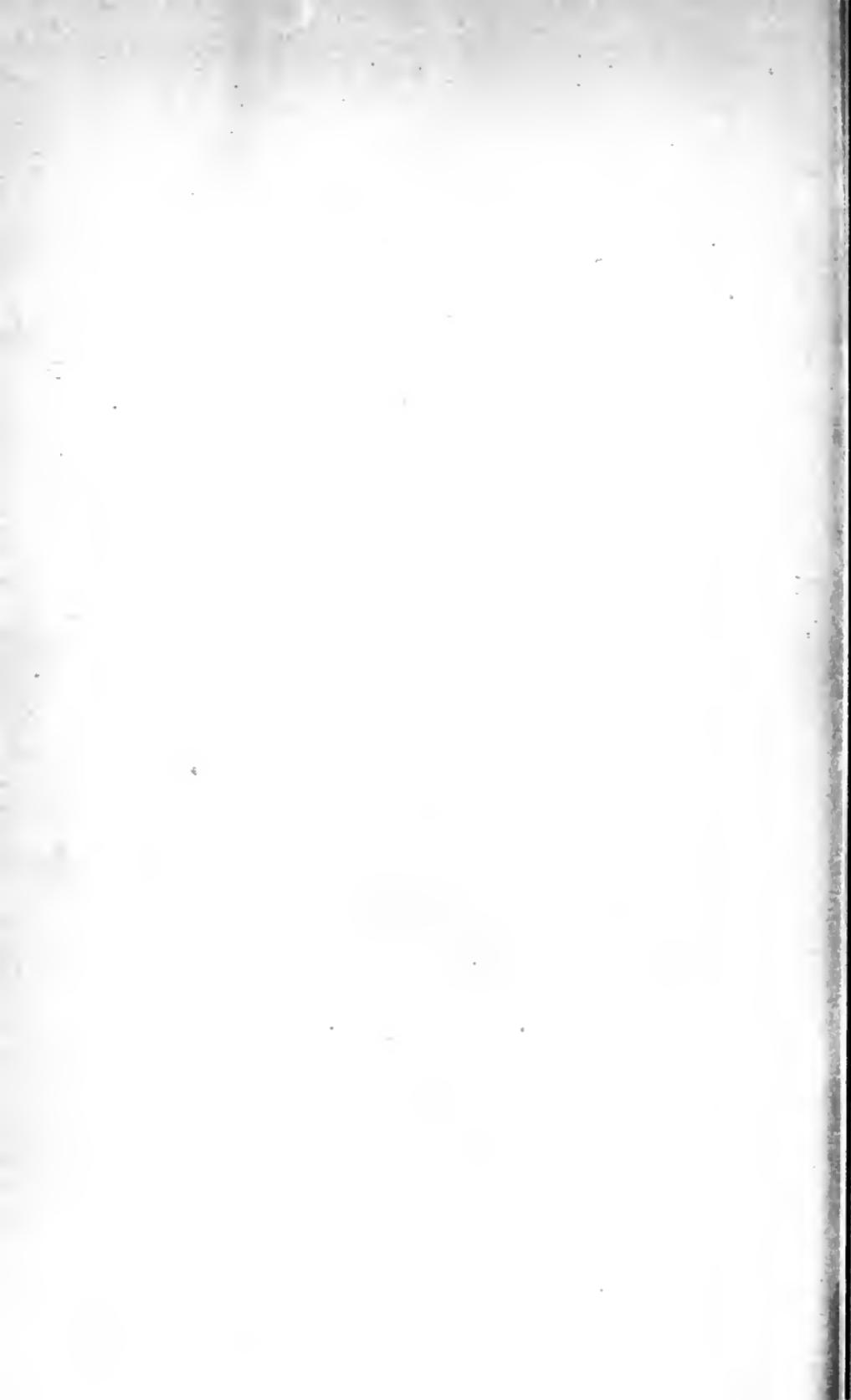
CARMEN LATINUM

NUMISMATE ANNUO DIGNATUM,

ET

IN CURIA CANTABRIGIENSI RECITATUM,

A.D. MDCCCXXV.



## CARMEN LATINUM

IN COMITIIS MAXIMIS RECITATUM.

A.D. 1825.

ACADEMIA CANTABRIGIENSIS TOT NOVIS ÆDIFICIIS ORNATA.

Quæ tanta moles regia conspici  
 Cœlo propinqua est ? fallor, an urbium  
 Regina, Musarum sacerdos,  
 Granta, novo decorata cultu,

Fastuque surgens non inamabili,  
 Campos coronat vertice fertiles,  
 Quos Camus invitis relinquit  
 Fluminibus, dubioque cursu ?

Viden' ? Columnæ per medium æthera  
 Scandunt, et ædes undique nobiles :

Rurisque vicini colonus  
 Jugeribus cohibetur arctis;

Nam fana sumptu condita publico  
 Utrinque terram rectius occupant,  
 Doctrina quà justum resumit  
 Imperium, meritosque fasces.

Ergo sacratis sub penetralibus  
 Ter alma salve Mater amantium  
 Artesque divinas, novemque  
 Mellifluos strepitus Sororum;

Vultu Deorum quam placido videt  
 Quicquid creandis possidet urbibus :\*  
 Hinc Phœbus autquos recessus  
 Deseruit, nova templa quærens

Fastidiosus; tecum adeo pias  
 Laudes adeptus, tecum habitabiles  
 Lucos, et à tergo solutos,  
 Came, tuo lavat amne crines.

\* ..... Φοῖβος γὰρ ἀτὶ πολίτοσσι φιληδὲι  
 Κτιζομέναις. . . . . CALLIMACHUS. In Apollinem, 56.

Jam nunc acutis instrepit auribus  
 Dulci meatu coelicolūm melos :  
 Interque Musarum recumbit  
 Et Sophiæ veneranda proles ;

Pauci, suorum lumina temporum,  
 Dicti remotis ; quos vigor ingenii  
 Misit per annorum tenebras  
 Vivere posteriore Famâ :

Atqui secundo Numine jam beant  
 Sedes amatas : scilicet ætheris  
 Ex arce despectant labores,  
 Auspiciisque favent secundis,

Miltonus, et vir, qui sapientiae  
 Suo reduxit sole meridiem,  
 Mortalium obscuro tumultu  
 Clarius, invidiâque major.

Gaudent videntes te quoque principes,  
 Longoque patres ordine principum ;  
 Quorum coronavisse frontes  
 Angliacæ diadema terræ

Jactamus: en! ut ridet amabile  
 Edvardus\* urbi, primus ab altero;  
 Qui victor illuxit sine ullo  
 Vindice, diripuitque signis

Superbientis lilia Galliæ:  
 Alba et videtur stella Valentia†  
 Quondam dolentis, jam benigno  
 Tristia composuisse risu.

Est et fidelis rebus in asperis  
 Regina quondam; ‡ et pallidior rosa§  
 Translata cœlestes ad hortos;  
 Quique duo tenuere reges||

Commune nomen tempore dispari;  
 Jamque eminentis nubibus aureis,  
 Inter beatorum choreas,  
 Forma nitet sacra Margareta.¶

\* Edvardus III. Coll. Trin. Fundator.

† Maria de Valentia, Aul. Pemb. Fundatrix.

‡ Henrici VI. Uxor, Coll. Regin. Fundatrix.

§ Elizabetha, Edvardi IV. Uxor.

|| Henricus VI. et VIII. Ille Coll. Reg. Fundator; hic Coll. Trin. Patronus longè benevolentissimus.

¶ Margareta, Henrici VII. Mater, Coll. Div. Johan. Fundatrix.

Quicunque Grantæ mœnibus arduis  
 Fudere dextræ munera liberæ,  
 Nunc et repercussis celebrant  
 Carminibus, liquidoque cantu.

At, O locorum maxime tu Genî  
 Beatiorum, si populi simul,  
 Vatumque amicorum frequentes  
 Ritè preces habeant honorem,

Intaminatâ non sine victimâ  
 Stabunt alumni, polliceor, tui,  
 Lætum triumphantes ad aras,  
 Unanimis opibus refectas.

Hùc et potentis Justitiae Quies \*  
 Adsit propago, prædita clavibus  
 Pacisque, et obstantis duelli ;  
 Sitque comes sine labe Virtus,

\* Φιλοφρόνι Ασυχία, Δίκαιος  
 Ω μεγιστόπολι  
 Θύγατερ, βουλῶν τε καὶ πολέμων  
 Εχοίσα κλαῖδας  
 Τπερτάτας. — PIN. Pyth. VIII.

Cultusque simplex, ne malè pertinax  
Tutum liquorem transvehat impios  
Ritusque, vesanamque pompam,  
Religio malesuada Romæ.

Notanda cretâ sic fugiet dies :  
Nec vox amantis deficiet lyræ  
Grantamque, doctrinamque, et almæ  
Progeniem celebrare Matris.

N O T E S.



## NOTES TO PART I.

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Note (1). Page 1, last line.

*As teacher and as playmate of your minds.*

“ The playmate ere the teacher of her mind.”

CAMPBELL, *Gertrude of Wyoming.*

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Note (2). Page 5, line 21.

*In the slant streaks of the sun's vaporous beam.*

“ The luminous lines occasionally seen in the air in a sky full of partially broken clouds, which the vulgar term *the sun drawing water*, are sunbeams through apertures in clouds partially intercepted and reflected on the dust and vapours of the air below.”

*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, “ Astronomy,” page 31.

Note (3). Page 6, line 10.

*Know not the beings who contrive it all.*

See POPE's *Rape of the Lock*. Canto I. line 104.

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Note (4). Page 7, line 17.

*And Kendall's praised for labours not his own.*

See POPE's *Rape of the Lock*. Canto I. line 148.

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Note (5). Page 9, line 1.

*See, dearest, see this image bright!*

This little poem was printed in Ackerman's *Forget-Me-Not* for 1831.

Many of the Orchideous tribes are to be found in the Ashurst Flora.

Note (6). Page 14, line 5.

*But, oh! impute not to each hour.*

“ . . . . pereunt et imputantur.”

MARTIAL, V. 20.

These words of Martial are not unfrequently inscribed on sundials as mottoes.

See page 109 of this volume, and Note (44).

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Note 7. Page 18, line 14.

*A happy rural seat of various view.*

“ . . . . Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view.”

*Paradise Lost.* Book IV. line 247.

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Note (8). Page 19, line 4.

*Of Shakspeare, keeper of the golden keys  
Of Joy and Horror.*

“ Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
This can unlock the gates of Joy,—  
Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

GRAY’s *Progress of Poesy*.

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Note (9). Page 19, line 16.

*Scanning with fine appliances and means.*

In allusion to the observatory at Ashurst.

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Note (10). Page 19, line 20.

*And parching valleys, and volcanic rocks.*

“ Whoever compares a well-executed map of the moon with a similar map of the Phlegræan fields near Naples, cannot fail to be struck with their general resemblance, and will readily acknowledge that an Aristarchus, an Hipparchus, an Aristillus, and a Regiomontanus (lunar inequalities so named), may lay claim to a relationship with

an Astruni, a Monte Barbaro, an Avernus, and a Solfaterra; and the single insulated steep rocks or monticules, that occupy the centres of most of the lunar cavities, find a parallel in the small conical hill which, in the year 1767, stood in the centre of a plain within the encincture of the crater of Vesuvius, as well as in the similar structure of the features of many volcanic districts in various parts of the world. Most of the lunar volcanoes, it should seem, are extinct; but there are observations on record which render it highly probable that many of them are in a state of activity; nay, that their eruptions have actually been witnessed by human eyes not long since."

*From a Journal of a Tour in 1841, printed in 1842 for private distribution by the author of the present volume.*

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Note (11). Page 20, line 2.

*The nebulous wonder of Orion's brand.*

In the celestial charts the great Nebula of Orion is placed in his sword.

"This Nebula is very bright in the part surrounding

four stars forming a trapezium, which seems (whether by the effect of contrast with the dazzling light of the stars, or from a real deficiency in nebulous matter) to have retreated from immediate contact with them, so that they appear in some degree insulated, and with a darkness around them. This would agree with the idea of a subsidence of the Nebula into the stars by gravitation, but it is probably only a deception. In such cases every one remembers the celebrated line,—

“‘ Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear.’”

*Par. Lost*, III. 380.

*From a paper by Sir John Herschel in the “Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society,” vol. ii. part 2, p. 490.*

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Note (12). Page 20, line 4.

*And other suns, and some in pairs distinct.*

In allusion to the systems of double stars, concerning which see *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, “Astronomy,” pp. 385–395.

Note (13). Page 20, line 11.

*Or visitation of meteoric bands.*

In allusion to the flights of meteors looked for about the 10th of August, and again about the 14th of November. For the best account of these wandering hordes of the solar system, see a paper entitled, *Remarks on the Present State of our Knowledge relative to Shooting Stars, and on the Determination of Differences of Longitude from Observations of those Meteors.* By Thomas Galloway, Esq. Read before the Astronomical Society, January 8, 1841.

See also another paper, entitled, *Thoughts on Shooting Stars and Comets, suggested by the Perusal of Mr. Galloway's Paper on the Subject.* By S. M. Drach, Esq. Read before the Astronomical Society, December 10, 1841.

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Note (14). Page 20, line 15.

*Or apparitions of the boreal morn.*

The Aurora Borealis was observed by the Author, chiefly at Ashurst, twenty-five times in five years; 1835-1839.

Note (15). Page 20, line 22.

*Renewed for ever, and put forth for each  
Beholder; not an individual arch.*

The formation of the Rainbow depends upon the relative situations of the sun, the rain-drops, and the human eye; each spectator, therefore, in reality sees a rainbow of his own, though all maintain it to be the same.

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Note (16). Page 21, line 9.

*Some grosser senses cannot take them in.*

It is a well-known fact that many persons cannot distinguish colours.

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Note (17). Page 21, line 16.

*Thou to 'the world's grey fathers' gavest a sign.*

This expression, "the world's grey Fathers," is made use of in a short poem on the Rainbow by Henry Vaughan, who lived 1614-1695. The same expression is made use of by Campbell in his stanzas on the Rainbow.

Note (18). Page 22, line 4.

*Ribbed like the sea-sand ploughed with ceaseless tides.*

For the explanation of the various phenomena of "ripple-mark," see Note L in the Appendix to the work entitled the *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, by Charles Babbage, Esq., p. 252.

See, also, page 91, line 11, of this volume.

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Note (19). Page 24, line 14.

*The wing of homeward rook creaking aloft.*

This word, "creaking," is borrowed from a poem by Coleridge entitled, *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*. See his note on the passage.

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Note (20). Page 26, line 1.

*The favourite fawn is gliding to and fro.*

See WORDSWORTH's *White Doe of Rylstone*.

See, also, VIRGIL's *Aeneid*, VII. 480-510.

Note (21). Page 35, line 18.

*We thought of the song you sung us aloud  
Of Nymphs, and Oreads fleet.*

“ . . . . . Sunbeams upon distant hills  
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,  
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed  
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.”

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.*

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Note (22). Page 40, last line.

*Whilst fancy steeped in softest reverie  
Dreams for a space that pictured form is he.*

“ Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary glimpse that thou art she.”

COWPER. *Lines to his Mother's Picture.*

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Note (23). Page 41, line 13.

*Three lads foreseeing nought to come but joy,  
As if 'twere given to be for ever boy.*

*Polixenes.* . . . . “ We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.”

*Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.

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Note (24). Page 42, line 15.

“ *I heard the bell toll on thy burial day ;*  
*I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away.*”

This couplet is taken from Cowper's *Lines to his Mother's Picture*.

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Note (25). Page 49, line 20.

See an exquisite passage in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

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Note (26). Page 53, line 1.

“ *Fish, fish, are ye in your duty ?*”

“ . . . . She approached the frying-pan, to the great consternation of the cook-maid, who stood immovable at the sight ; and, striking one of the fishes with the end of the rod, “ Fish, fish,” said she, “ art thou in thy duty ?”

*Story of the Fisherman, in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.*

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Note (27). Page 53, last line.

*And diamond spray-dust, zephyr-shattered.*

The idea of the expression “ spray-dust ” is derived from the celebrated waterfall in Switzerland called the “ Staub-bach ” ; literally, the “ Dust-brook.”

NOTES TO PART II.

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Note (28). Page 59, title.

**THE WORLD BEFORE MAN.**

See the work entitled the *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, by Charles Babbage, Esq. Chapters iv. v. vii. Also, see Note (F) in the Appendix to the same work.

See, also, chapter v. vol. i. of Lyell's *Geology*.

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Note (29). Page 60, line 16.

*And part revealed beneath the earth and sea.*

The coal-mines at Whitehaven, for instance, on the coast of Cumberland, extend a considerable distance under the sea.

Note (30). Page 66, line 19.

..... *and full in Man*  
*Creation's awful diapason closed.*

“The diapason closing full in Man.”

DRYDEN. *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.* 1687.

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Note (31). Page 83, title.

#### THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN MOIR.

“*Chelmsford, July 30, 1830.*—William Moir, gentleman, was indicted for the wilful murder of William Malcolm, at Stanford-le-Hope, on the 17th of March last, by firing a pistol loaded with ball at him. The prisoner pleaded “Not guilty.” After the trial, Lord Tenterden having summed up, the jury retired; and, having been absent about twenty minutes, returned with a verdict of *Guilty*. His lordship then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on Monday the 2d of August, and his body to be delivered for dissection. He was executed, leaving a wife and three children.”

*Annual Register, 1830.*

Note (32). Page 84, line 3.

*Renowned in song and legendary lore.*

See the lines, commencing—

“ By that lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbled o'er.”

MOORE's *Irish Melodies*.

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Note (33). Page 86, line 1.

*Herschel, of zealous father zealous son.*

Sir John Herschel was absent from England four years and seven months on his astronomical expedition undertaken for the purpose of reviewing the heavenly bodies in the southern hemisphere. He sailed from Portsmouth for the Cape of Good Hope on the 13th-15th of November, 1833, and returned to England on the 16th of May, 1838.

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Note (34). Page 88, line 22.

*Found for the lyre of Heaven another string.*

“ Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.”

CAMPBELL's *Pleasures of Hope*, Part I.

Note (35). Page 91, line 11.

*With wave-like ripple-mark ribbed far and wide.*

See Note (18). Page 205.

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Note (36). Page 93, line 8.

*Taught us how rarely man may meet  
With solitary woes.*

“ When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.”

*Hamlet*, act iv. scene 5.

“ Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;  
They love a train, they tread each other’s heel.”

YOUNG. *The Complaint, Night III.*

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Note (37). Page 94, line 1.

*Yet, strong in free and patient thoughts, &c.*

“ For they shall find, who rightly use their doom,  
That sorrow turns to stillness, not to gloom.”

Rev. HERBERT KYNASTON.

See Preface, page xvi.

Note (38). Page 96, line 20.

*Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade! &c.*

This stanza is from Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.

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Note (39). Page 97, line 12.

*To drag the lengthening chain.*

“And drags at each remove a lengthened chain.”

GOLDSMITH. *The Traveller*, line 10.

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Note (40). Page 98, line 4.

*Were changed by some Fay to a wave of the sea.*

“Florizel. . . . When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that.”

*Winter's Tale*, act iv. scene 3.

Note (41). Page 99, line 15.

*By a sense sublime of smelling  
I know the fields the Lord hath blessed.*

“The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.”—*Genesis*, xxvii. 27.

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Note (42). Page 101, line 1.

*I glide through tales of warlike ages.*

I am not aware of the existence of any book with raised characters for the use of the blind except the New Testament; but, perhaps, the amplification here indulged in will be excused.

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Note (43). Page 108, line 1.

*Let not the cup of friendship stand.*

I cannot recollect whence these lines were translated. Probably from the *Medea* of Euripides, line 627.

Ἐρωτεῖς, ὑπὲρ μὲν ἀγαν, ο. τ. λ.

Note (44). Page 109, line 1.

*Could we live, my dearest brother.*

See Note (6). See, also, the *Address of the Sun-Dial*,  
page 14.

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Note (45). Page 110, line 5.

*Nor to the blessed Sun impute.*

See Note (6). See also page 14.

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Note (46). Page 111, line 11.

*Of one who cast behind him friends and home.*

See page 114.

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Note (47). Page 117, line 1.

*And ere thou might'st address thy future flock.*

I have been informed that Bishop Selwyn acquired, chiefly during his voyage, a knowledge of the language that enabled him on his arrival at New Zealand to address the native inhabitants.

Note (48). Page 124, line 3.

*Had for that child of sweetest features.*

See the stanzas entitled June 2, 1841. Page 92.

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Note (49). Page 131, line 6.

Compare Ode xxxv. of MOORE's *Anacreon*.

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Note (50). Page 132, line 6.

*Though you gnaw me to the root.*

Κῆν με φάγης ἐπὶ ρίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,  
"Οσσον ἐπισπεῖσαι σοι, τράγε, θυμένω.

*Anthologia.*

"Rode, caper, vitem ; tamen huic, cum stabis ad aram,  
In tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit."

OVID, *Fast.* I. 357.

Note (51). Page 133, line 2.

*When dead and buried, Nearchus, &c.*

Εἴη σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὴ Νεάρχε,  
Οφρα σε ρηὶδιάς ἐξερύσσωσι κύνες.

*Anthologia.*

—

Note (52). Page 133, line 4.

*I am the tree beloved of Pallas, &c.*

Παλλάδος εἰμὶ φυτόν· Βρομίου τί με θλίβετε κλῶνες;  
Αἰρετε τοὺς βότρυνας· παρθένος ὁν μιθύω.

*Anthologia.*

4b

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Note (53). Page 134, line 1.

*Charity droppeth as the honey-dew;*

These eight lines are a string of plagiarisms from *The Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1; *First Part of King Henry*

*the Fourth*, act iv. sc. 2; *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2; and from Coleridge's *Charity in Thought*.

See the apologetic preface prefixed by Wordsworth to his *Ninth Evening Voluntary*.

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Note (54). Page 173, title,

MAURICE AND GENEVIEVE.

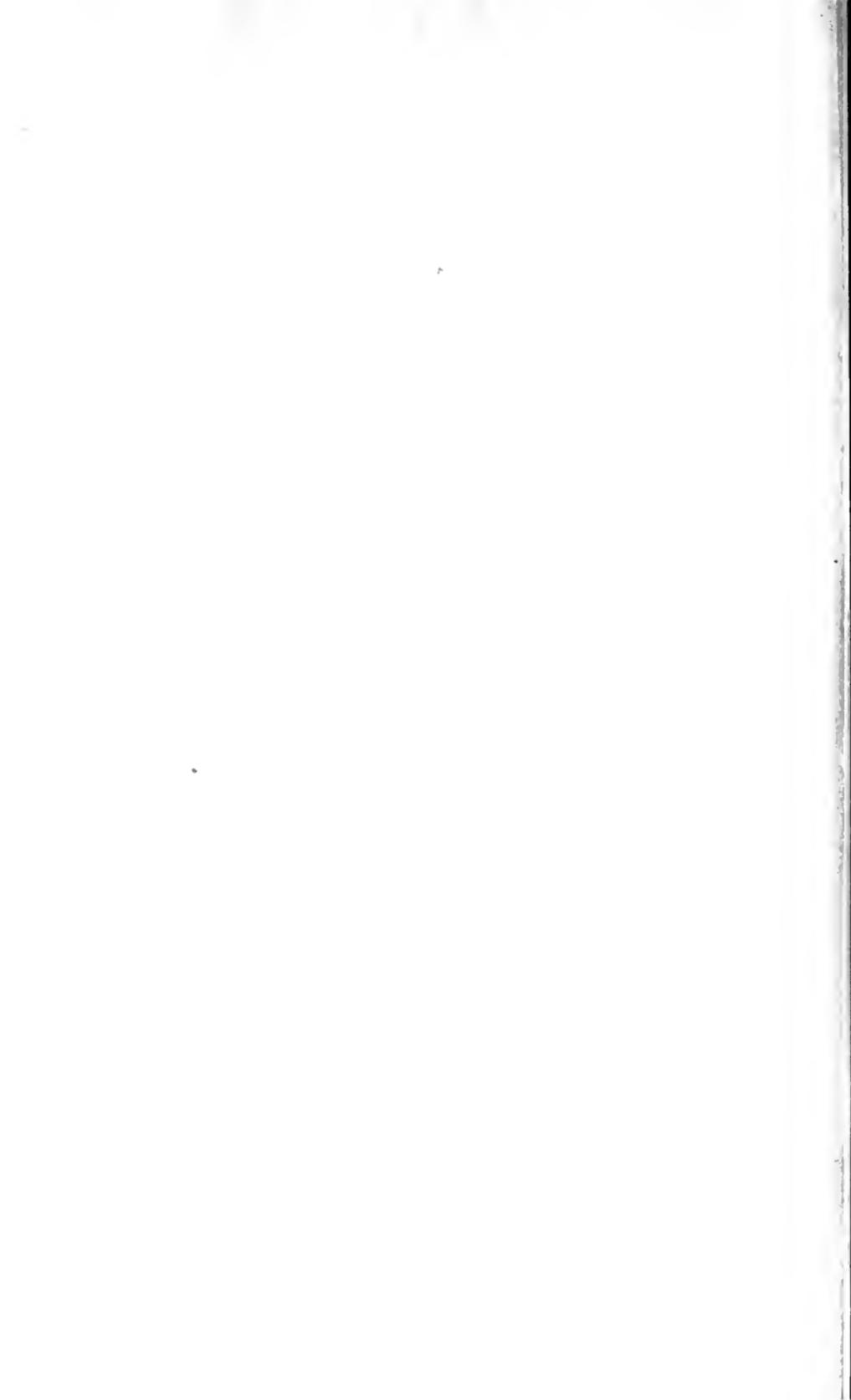
This tale was taken from *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, Saturday, February 18, 1843. It is there stated that "the facts of our story are to be found in Bouilly's *Contes Populaires*."

THE END.

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